

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

August

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IS GARBO
BLUFFING?

Greta Garbo

Charles Sheela

Ruth Bryan Owen Defends the Films
Joan Crawford Through Connie Bennett's Eyes

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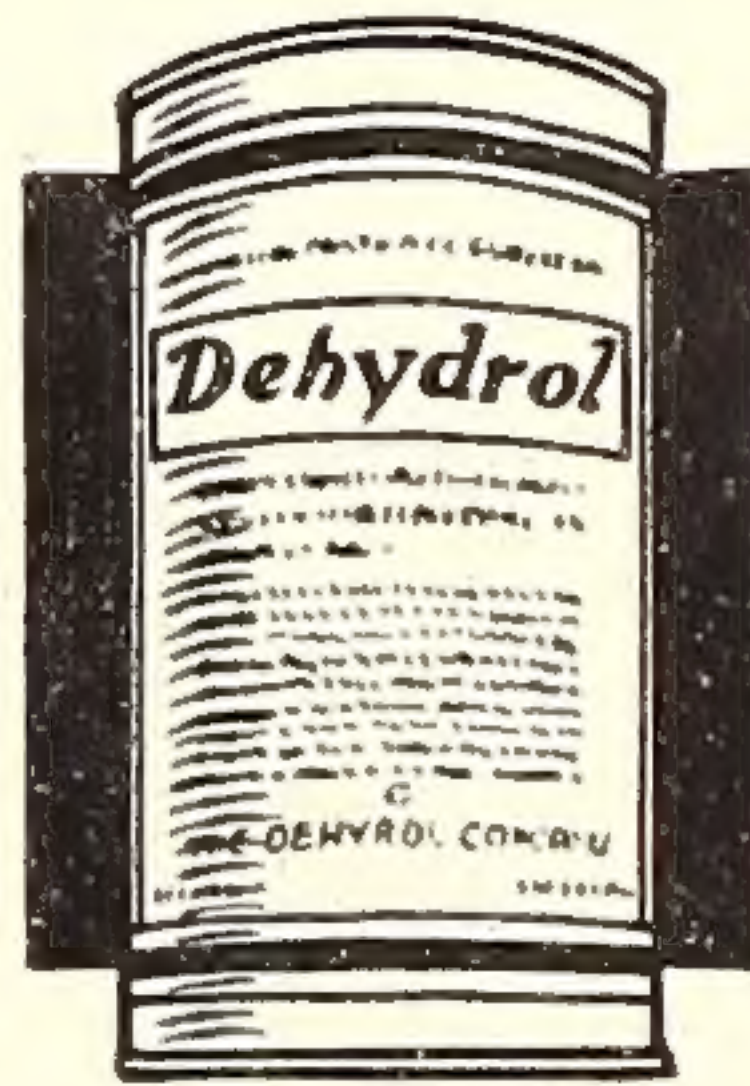
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WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

*She Dotes on Costume Jewelry
but her teeth are dull . . . her gums tender
. . . and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

THIS young lady can't resist a flock of gay bracelets—a daring pendant—a dashing, unusual ring—any piece of new costume jewelry which gives the "different" accent to a smart ensemble.

Men notice things like that. She knows that they notice! Then wouldn't you think she'd also know that men (and girls, too!) notice her *teeth*?

Her teeth look uncared-for because they are so dull and grayish. Her gums

are so tender that they often bleed. Her tooth brush shows "pink."

The Dangers of "Pink Tooth Brush"

"Pink tooth brush" can happen to anybody. Modern foods are soft, creamy. Your gums are robbed of the natural stimulation they require for health. They become flabby, then tender. And you find "pink" upon your tooth brush.

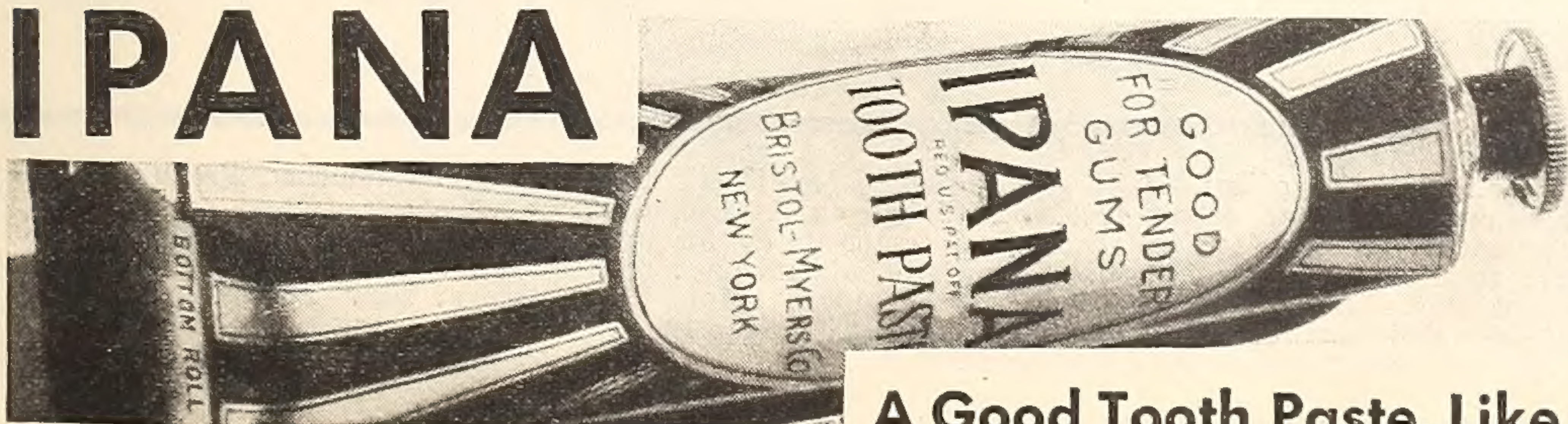
"Pink tooth brush" may not only rob your teeth of their sparkle—it may

actually endanger perfectly good teeth! It may even lead to gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even the dread though rather rare pyorrhea.

Clean your teeth with Ipana. Then, each time, put a little extra Ipana on your finger-tip or brush, and massage it gently into your unhealthy gums.

Get a full-sized tube of Ipana. Use it, with the gum massage, for 30 days. Watch your teeth recover their brightness—your gums their firmness! You can forget about "pink tooth brush."

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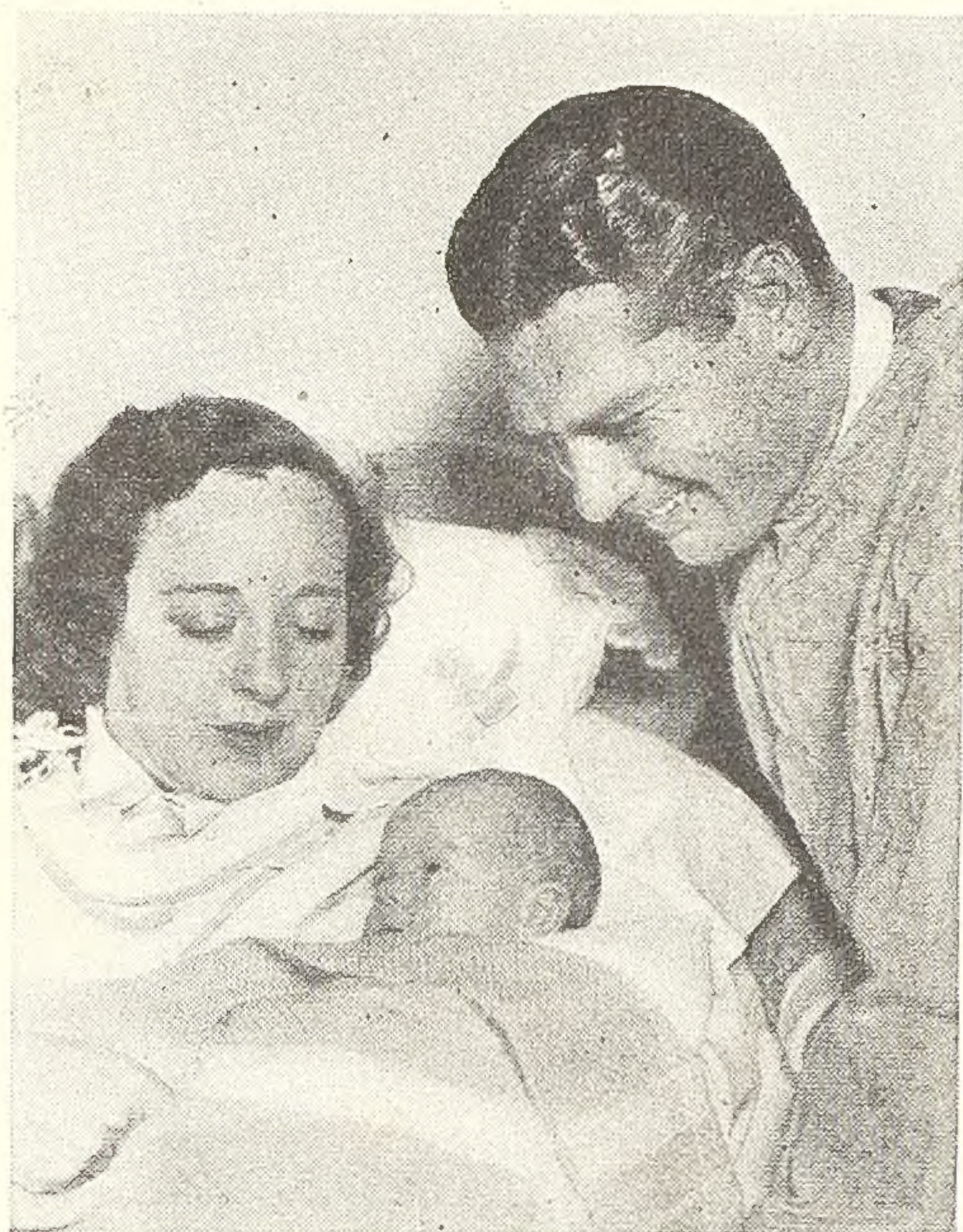
SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*

Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*



Mr. and Mrs. Arlen present Richard Ralston Arlen in his first close-up.

OLD "DOC" STORK VISITS THE ARLENS

SCOOP! SCREENLAND gives you the first picture of Richard Ralston Arlen, son of Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston. Young Master Arlen posed for the picture especially for SCREENLAND. This budding star made his world debut on May 17, weighing eight and a half pounds. According to Papa Dick the baby showed a real actor's instinct in taking pictures, posing freely and with nonchalant poise. Arlen and Joby have been married for seven years—they're one of Hollywood's ideal couples and can be pointed to with pride as proof that movieland marriages aren't so impermanent after all!

August, 1933

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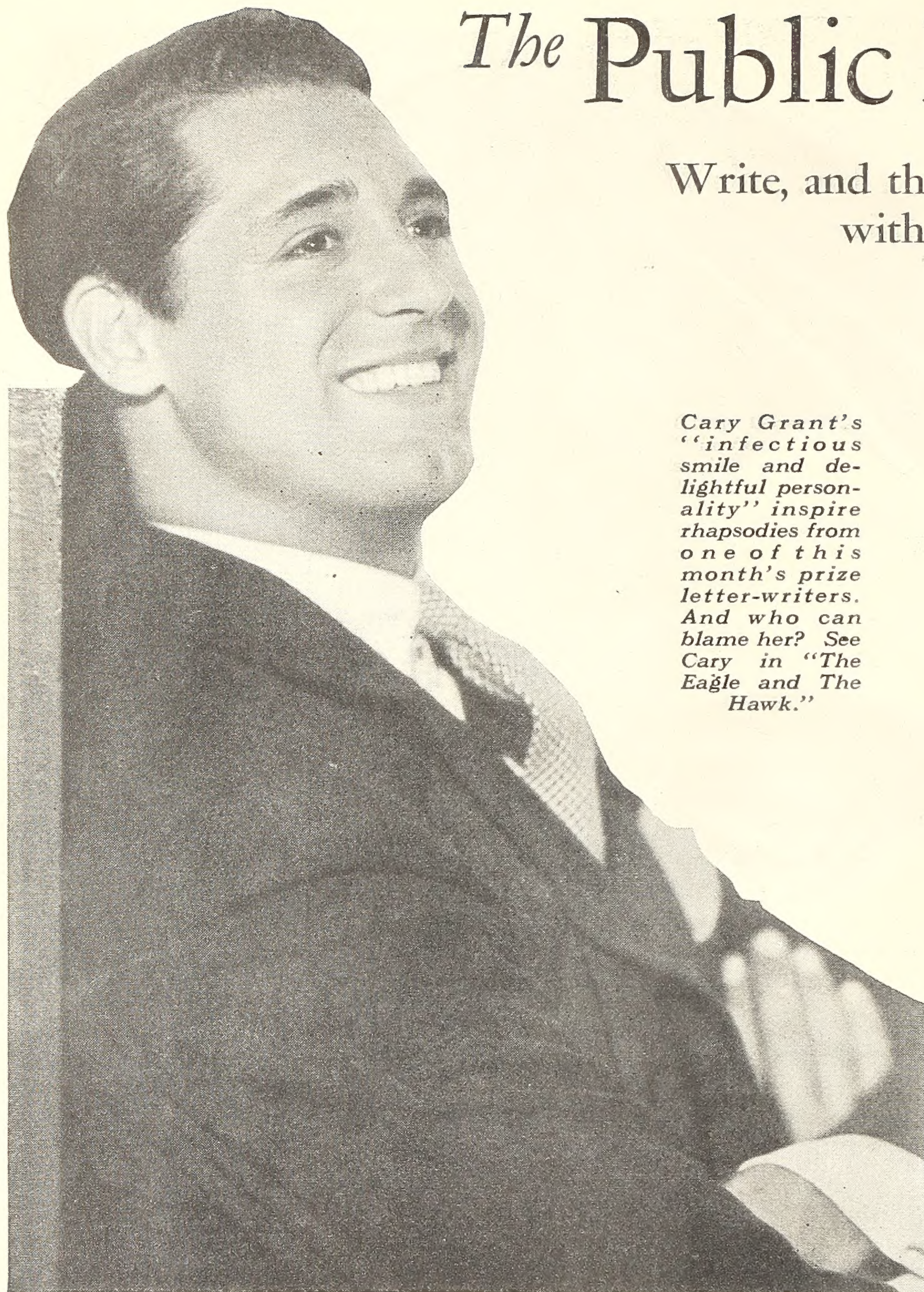
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He thought he was tough and so did she. But the tougher they are the harder they fall. And how they fall for each other in "HOLD YOUR MAN!" He thought he could let her suffer for his sake...she knew she could do it and smile! And what a climax! To the thousands who were thrilled by "Red Dust" it's great news that Jean Harlow and Clark Gable are together again. M-G-M believes it is their greatest picture. You will, too! Directed by Sam Wood.

★ The reproduction above of an original painting of Clark Gable and Jean Harlow by Symeon Shimin, is one of a series of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars

The Public Be Heard!

Write, and the world writes
with you



Cary Grant's "infectious smile and delightful personality" inspire rhapsodies from one of this month's prize letter-writers. And who can blame her? See Cary in "The Eagle and The Hawk."

NO FUN TO BE GLUM! (First Prize Letter in "Happy Endings" Discussion)

It's fun to be fooled. I don't go to the movies to be horrified or depressed. I expect to be amused, entertained, "pepped up." Yes, I know that life is not all sunshine and roses, that people murder other people nearly every day, that lovers are separated, and marriages go to smash. But it doesn't help me solve my problems to be reminded of it. What people need right now is new hope and new courage. Pictures like "I Am a Fugitive," while dramatically absorbing and realistic, can hardly be called inspiring.

We like to see dramatized the lives of ordinary people who have problems like ours and are able to work out a happy solution to them. Please don't take away the happy endings. We need to believe in them!

Esther M. Spore,
803 W. Washington St.,
Sandusky, O.

—NOR TO BE "BUNCO'D"! (An Impressive Reply—Second Prize Letter)

A motion picture is not even entertaining to an intelligent person if the happy ending

is illogical. The most ridiculous pictures on the screen, from an artistic standpoint, have been those which dragged in by the ears the reformation of some really bad character in order to make a happy ending. There have even been cases where historical truth has been butchered to make a moviegoers' holiday.

A happy ending should occur only when the plot permits it without straining the probabilities. This, of course, is frequently enough. Unhappy endings do not make pictures uninteresting, provided they are the inevitable result of the action. "Farewell to Arms" was entertaining, yet its ending could scarcely have been called a happy one.

Fred B. Mann,
5959 Kenmore Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

THOSE MOVIE MYTHS (Third Prize Letter)

I like the movies!

Of course, I do wonder why they persist in clinging to such absurd traditions as that—All stenographers are slangy illiterates from the slums;

All *cocottes* wear tight plaid skirts and feather boas, and walk with one hand on the hip;

Oops! We certainly started something when we asked you this question in the May issue: "Must a motion picture end happily to be entertaining? Or should unhappy endings be permitted for the sake of dramatic truth?"

There are oceans of notions floating around among our decisive readers on this timely film topic. Some insist on getting entertainment, and not heart-aches for their admission fee. Others would hew to the line of realism, let the tears fall where they may. Still others call for a mixed diet of sunshine and sorrow. But whatever their attitudes, there are some new and arresting thoughts in these letters from SCREENLAND readers, and we print a few of the best herewith.

The "rave-writers" are out in force this month, too, hymning the glories of such new and familiar screen artists as Cary Grant, Mary Pickford, Franchot Tone, Diana Wynyard. And good pickers they are, at that! Nor is the general field of film discussion neglected by our eager correspondents.

Here's a dynamite-loaded question for this month:

Which is more important in a female star: beauty or acting ability? Should a leading lady be a good actress first and a beautiful woman incidentally, or vice versa?

You've run into this problem again and again in choosing your film fare. Here's your chance to voice your own private solution—and don't imagine for a minute that the producers won't read it! Your letters on this topic, as well as on any other movie matter you wish to discuss, will be eligible for those tempting prizes of \$20, \$10, \$5, and \$5 offered monthly for the four best letters. Keep your letters within 150 words, and mail to reach us by the 10th of each month. Address the "Public be Heard" Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York City.

All college youths have doddering white-haired parents aged seventy;

All old family servants have hearts of gold but are not quite bright;

All really smart young ladies smoke cigarettes incessantly.

And I could go on like this for hours. But still, I *do* like the movies!

Violet Sullivan,
1890 N. El Molino Ave.,
Pasadena, Cal.

GRANT AND GLORIOUS! (Fourth Prize Letter)

He really *is* tall, dark and handsome, to use a well-known but oft-misused phrase.

He has an infectious smile, a delightful personality, and a splendid speaking voice.

He has the magnetism of Clark Gable, the flippancy and spontaneity of Bob Montgomery, plus a charm all his own.

He is being discussed "over the teacups" by gay young things, smart matrons, and even grandmothers—a sure sign of coming success.

And, finally, even Mae West has succumbed (cinematically) to his manly charms.

His name—how could anyone doubt it?—is Cary Grant!

Muriel Marks,
2104 Aqueduct Ave.,
New York City.

THE VOICE OF BEAUTY

Here's to Diana Wynyard's clear, lilting English voice, a voice whose natural charm and expression sing themselves into the

(Continued on page 97)

Discovering A New Landi!

*Photograph by
Ray Jones*

Why, look at Elissa! She looks like this in her new and exciting role of a dancer in "I Loved You Wednesday"

We are doing our little Columbus act again! We are discovering a new Elissa Landi right here on this page—the glamorous girl you had a glimpse of in "The Warrior's Husband" and whom you will see more of in Fox's "I Loved You Wednesday," in which she appears, in some scenes, as you see her in this picture. We know you will like her—we do!



ASK Me!

And you'll get the
right answer!

By Miss Vee Dee

Davies Doter. Your favorite has a new film, "Peg O' My Heart," that I think you will like. Her leading man is Onslow Stevens, who made such a favorable impression in "Once in a Lifetime." Marion's real name is Marion Douras, she was born in Brooklyn, and was a musical comedy actress before going into pictures. She's an M-G-M star; she is one of Hollywood's most popular girls, and her big white house in Santa Monica is a show place. I don't know how true it is that her next picture will be "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," but I hear she wants to do it.

G. W. I have been able to round up two actors who have black hair and grey eyes—Chester Morris and Edmund Burns. Style in hair and eye combinations seem to run to black and brown with a sprinkling of red and blue, just now. Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli have been married since Feb. 14, 1931. Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper were the principals in "Lilac Time," produced in 1928 with a musical score and sound effects. Constance Bennett and sister Joan were christened just that.

Helen J. S. So you've heard of me and my shadow, 'way out in Santa Fe, N. M. Kay Francis has black hair, grey eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Watch for her in "Mary Stevens, M. D." Jack Holt's latest releases are, "When Strangers Meet," and "The Woman I Stole." Jack was born in Virginia, the son of an Episcopal clergyman. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 180 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. His hobbies are polo, riding and hunting. He has been on the stage in stock and vaudeville, later entering pictures through his ability as a rider.

Sue H. Our many M. S.'s (movie scouts) get the latest news of pictures just about to go into production—we tell you about it, when whiz, bang! the film has been shelved and another has taken its place. Anita Page's recent releases are "The Big Cage" and "Jungle Bride." Pretty girls like Anita have many admirers and I can't say just who the favorite boy-friend is, as the moon shines over the mountain, à la Kate Smith.

Frances of Baltimore. Another round of figures and oh, my word, what figures! Marion Davies, Elissa Landi, Barbara Stanwyck and Kay Francis are 5 feet 5 inches; Juliette Compton and Lilyan Tashman, 5 feet 7 inches; Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne and Thelma Todd are 5 feet 4; Adrienne Ames is 5 feet 4½. Wallace Reid, Jr., the son of the beloved late Wally Reid, is making his first screen appearance as a grown-up lad in "Racing Strain." Let's give the boy a big hand and a-plenty of 'em.

Marion Davies, Hollywood's most popular hostess and favorite comedienne, inspired more mail interest in Miss Vee Dee's department than any other star.



G. P. F. Each and every day brings its quota of Ann Harding mail and why not? Ann was born August 7, 1901 in Ft. Sam Houston, Texas. She is one of the leading luminaries of the stage and screen, a beauty, with a wealth of long ash blonde hair, eyes of a clear blue-grey, weighs about 106 pounds and is 5 feet 2 inches tall. Ann was the young girl artist and Myrna Loy the wife of Leslie Howard in "Animal Kingdom." In "The Conquerors," Richard Dix and Ann Harding co-starred with Edna May Oliver and Guy Kibbee in support. Her next release is "When Ladies Meet," from the stage hit by Rachel Crothers, with Alice Brady and Robert Montgomery.

Chicago Movie Fan. Herbert Marshall's most recent picture was "Evenings for Sale," featuring Sari Maritza, Mary Bo-

land and Charlie Ruggles. Marlene Dietrich is to appear in "Song of Songs" with Brian Aherne, Hardie Albright and Alison Skipworth. Look out for the "new find" in Joan Crawford's next picture, "Today We Live." Franchot Tone—isn't that a glamorous name or isn't it? With Joan and Franchot, you'll see Gary Cooper, Robert Young, Louise Closser Hale and young Tad Alexander, who played with the Royal Family (Ethel, John and Lionel) in "Rasputin and the Empress."

V. S. Your favorite, Alice White, born August 28, 1907 in Paterson, N. J. She has blonde hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Watch for her in "Dinner at Eight," the Metro all-star cast picture, in which La White gives one of her best performances.



Boots Mallory takes on a sardonic, almost cynical character under Wollo's penetrating pencil. Such a sweet, unassuming girl, too!

A certain mellowness tempers Jimmy Dunn's usually hard-boiled countenance when this artist takes him in hand. This smile is nice, Jimmy—but don't forget you're a diamond in the rough when you get before the camera!



Quick, Quaint Caricatures!

Presenting some of your cinema pals as sketched by Wollo, Baron von Falkenstein, clever caricaturist, at a tea given for Dorothy Burgess by Hale Horton



Left—our caricaturist discovers a hitherto unsuspected sophistication in Anita Louise's girlish features.

Right—Red-haired Helen Mack becomes serious, even slightly austere, under the Wollo touch.

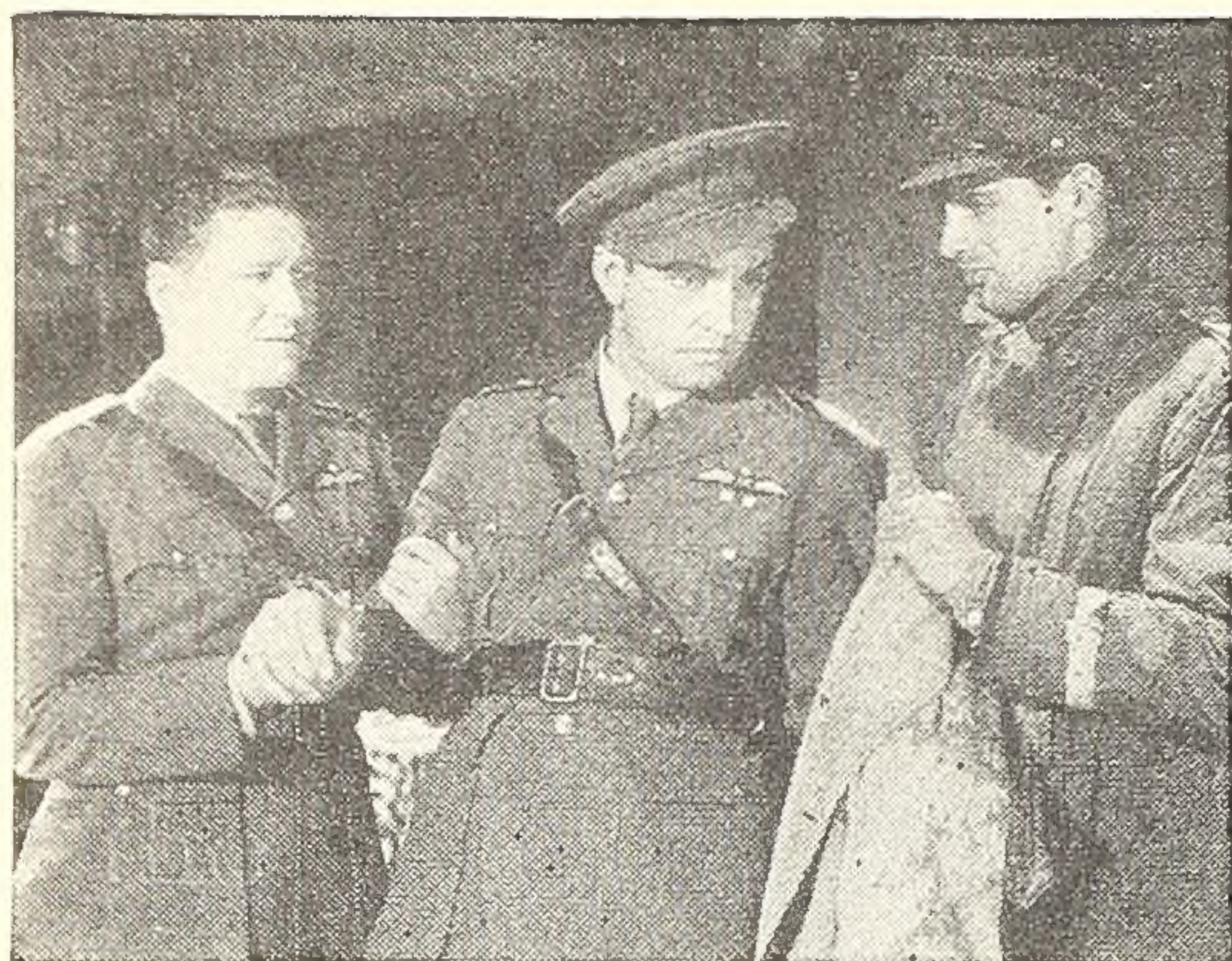


Left, below—Albert Conti—always a good actor, though never in a lead. Wollo gives him a properly satanic air.

Right, below—Tom Brown retains his characteristic boyish grin, with a bit added, in Wollo's sketch.



And here's Dorothy Burgess, the guest of honor. Is she pleased with her party? "I simply Wollo in it," she cries.



The Eagle and The Hawk
Paramount

This is what is more-or-less known as a "man's" picture—all about aviators in the world war. But girls will go for it, thanks to the potent presence of both Fredric March and Cary Grant. Jack Oakie, as usual, hands out the comedy in his inimitable style. There's a minor romance between Carole Lombard and Freddie. Good acting prevails, with some exciting air scenes.

Tagging the Talkies

Brief ratings of current
screenplays. Make this
your cinema guide

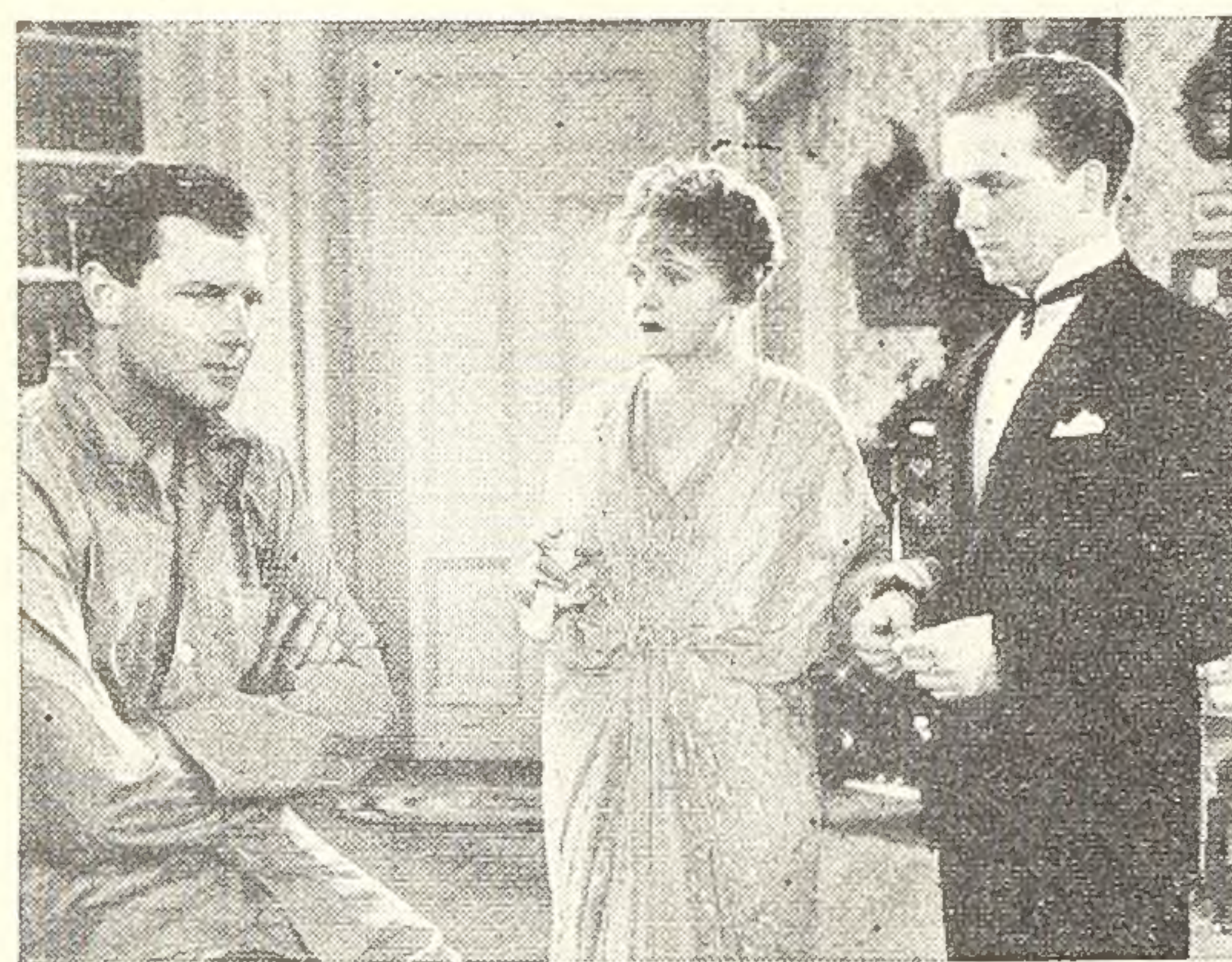
Delight Evans' Reviews on
Page 58.

More Reviews on Page 97



The Little Giant
First National

Here's your old pal, *Little Caesar*, all dressed up and going places! No—it's not another gangster melodrama, but sure-fire comedy with a brand new idea, and just enough thrills to provide piquancy. Edward G. Robinson is capital as a racketeer who, when beer comes in, goes out of "business" and retires to enjoy high life. Mary Astor, Helen Vinson for pulchritude appeal.



The Silver Cord
Radio

An intelligently handled, entirely absorbing story of a mother jealous of her sons' devotion to any woman other than herself. It's a "different" kind of menace, and Laura Hope Crewes plays it excellently. You'll like Irene Dunne, too, as the young daughter-in-law who rebels and thereby preserves her happiness. Joel McCrea, Frances Dee, and Eric Linden are worthy support.



India Speaks
United Artists

You knew all along that Richard Halliburton, the boy Columbus, would wind up in the movies! Here he is, as chief actor and narrator in a travelogue of India and Thibet. Though some of the picture bears the obvious stamp of Hollywood, as a whole it is fairly interesting. Daredevil Dick reveals a pleasing voice and an acceptable screen presence in his first picture attempt.



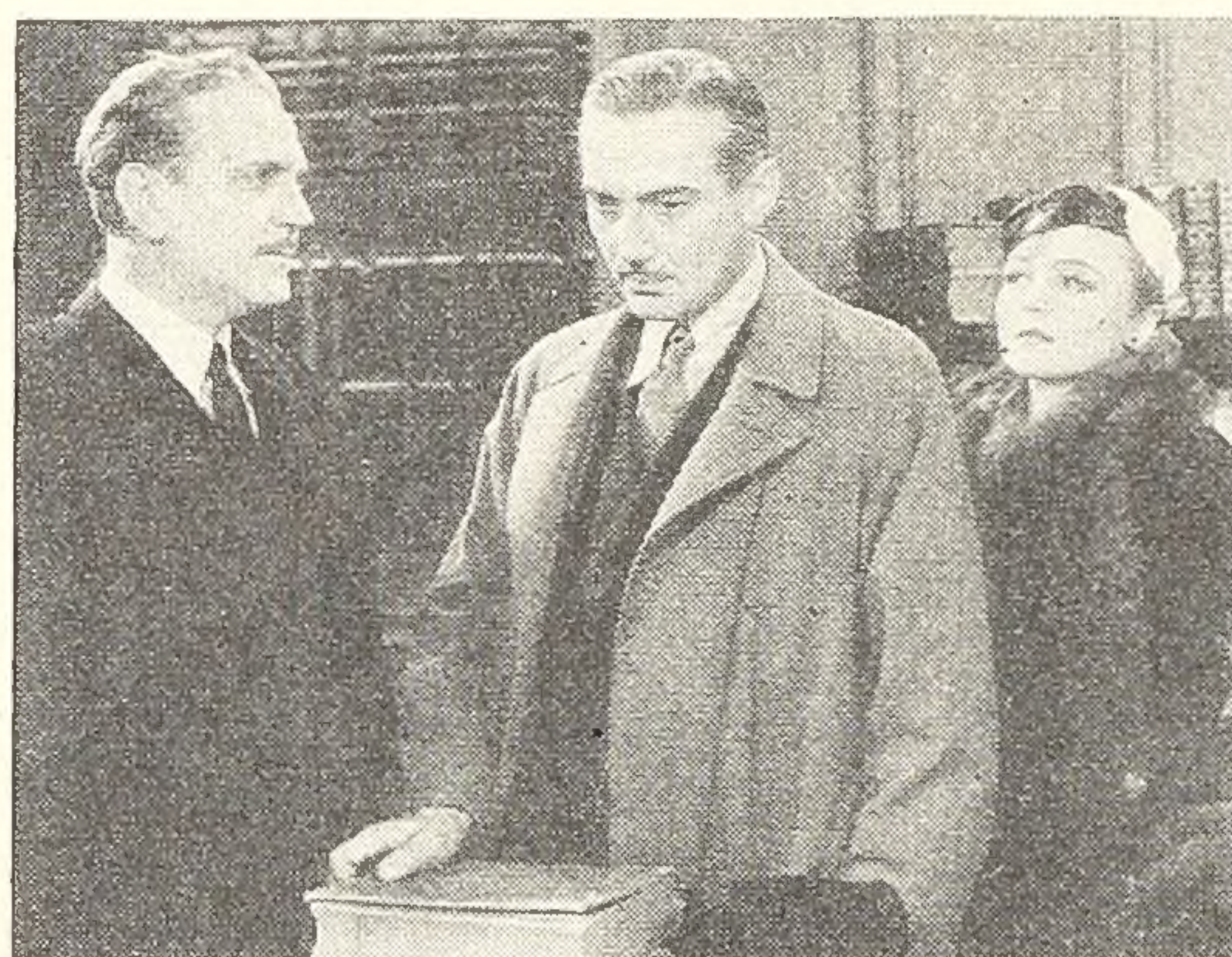
The Story of Temple Drake
Paramount

Passion and death among the backwoods beer-runners, as filmed from Faulkner's sensational story. Much of the tale's *macabre* quality has been removed by Hollywood's dry-cleaning process, however, and the result is a rather routine "meller." Miriam Hopkins does an understanding job as *Temple*, and Jack LaRue is first-rate as literature's meanest scoundrel.



Diplomaniacs
Radio

This is just a wrong number for Wheeler and Woolsey. The story drags, and the gags are weak with age. It seems that the boys are delegated by an Indian tribe to attend the peace conference and make the diplomats stop fighting. Some song-and-dance numbers, and a chorus of snappy Indian maidens, help matters somewhat. Marjorie White and Phyllis Barry for heart appeal.



The Kiss Before the Mirror
Universal

Here's the most interesting variation on the "Jealous-Husband-Murders-Unfaithful-Wife" theme that has been screened in a long time. This time it is treated from a psychological angle, with some unusual and dramatic twists in the plot. Paul Lukas plays the murderer; Frank Morgan is his lawyer friend who defends him. Nancy Carroll is impressive as Morgan's wife.



I Cover the Waterfront
United Artists

This is Ernest Torrence's last picture; and it is, fittingly enough, his very own in large degree. It's an exciting yarn of West Coast smuggling, with Torrence as a tough old law-breaker whom Ben Lyon tracks to his doom. A typical Torrence rôle, and he made the most of it. Ben is plausible as a crusading reporter, and Claudette Colbert is her usual lovely self as the girl.

When West Was East—

She went shopping, and we are showing Mae's new clothes on this page. Do you like your Mae modern or Gay Ninety-ish?



Above: No bustles for Mae when she's out of camera range. Here's the gal in a black ciré lace dinner gown. The frock ends in a series of black tulle ruffles. Mae's matching jacket is of ciré and tulle as is her evening hat. Doesn't she look different from the "Lady known as Lou" in "She Done Him Wrong?"



Mae goes formal on us! Above, she is wearing an original Mainbocher evening gown. Decidedly feminine is this billowy black and white mousseline de soie gown, with black coq feather jacket and muff. This and the two other gowns are by Sady Z. Weiss. The voluptuous West plays a circus-lady-lion-tamer in her next release, in which Clark Gable may be her leading man.



"I'm No Angel"—no, we're not quoting Mae—that's the title of her next film. Anyway, how do you like her lacquer-red velvet evening wrap? The sleeves of the wrap are very full and a wide border of white fox enriches the costume. Miss West's evening gown is white satin with a strass embroidered belt.

SCREENLAND'S



Joan Blondell, bright particular star of the new and spectacular screen musical. Joan has an opportunity to prove her versatility in this picture; she is not only her usual gay and sparkling self, but she also demonstrates that she can play an emotional scene with the best of the Hollywood sobbers—and when she leads the “smash” number of the show, “Forgotten Men,” she practically tears you to pieces with her intensity. It takes a personality like Blondell’s not to be lost in such a stellar riot as “Gold Diggers of 1933.”



Here is a scene from the most lavish musical number the movies have ever shown you—Pettin’ in the Park. Hundreds of girls and boys, hummable music, brisk comedy, and beauty, beauty everywhere. We predict that Pettin’ in the Park will run through the summer!

Honor Page



Above, the charming romantic stars of "Gold Diggers of 1933." Ruby Keeler proves that her hit in "42nd Street" was no accident. Dick Powell becomes head man of movie musicals. Here is a boy with a real voice, and that personality something that makes girls stay to see the picture through twice.

Dedicated to the greatest all-star cast of the month—and this means not only the "name" players, but the amazing chorus, the shapeliest and sprightliest ever seen on the screen

Left, Aline McMahon, Joan Blondell, and Ruby Keeler, the three so-different heroines of this big music-film.

Bouquets for Blondell, Keeler, Aline McMahon, Dick Powell—and all the other grand troupers who make "Gold Diggers of 1933" the top in entertainment!



Lovely women use this Soap—Camay— to Win their daily Beauty Contests!



There is something infinitely appealing about the girl whose skin is fresh and lovely.

A compliment from a friend is a clue to what others think of your beauty. And if praise and graceful attentions come but rarely, perhaps you had better look at your skin and seriously think about changing your beauty soap.

It's the clever girl who *helps her beauty* by letting Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, *help her skin*. Your features may not be perfect. Yet your skin, if it is clear and lovely, can contribute so much to

your charm! And creamy-white Camay is made to order for the feminine skin.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

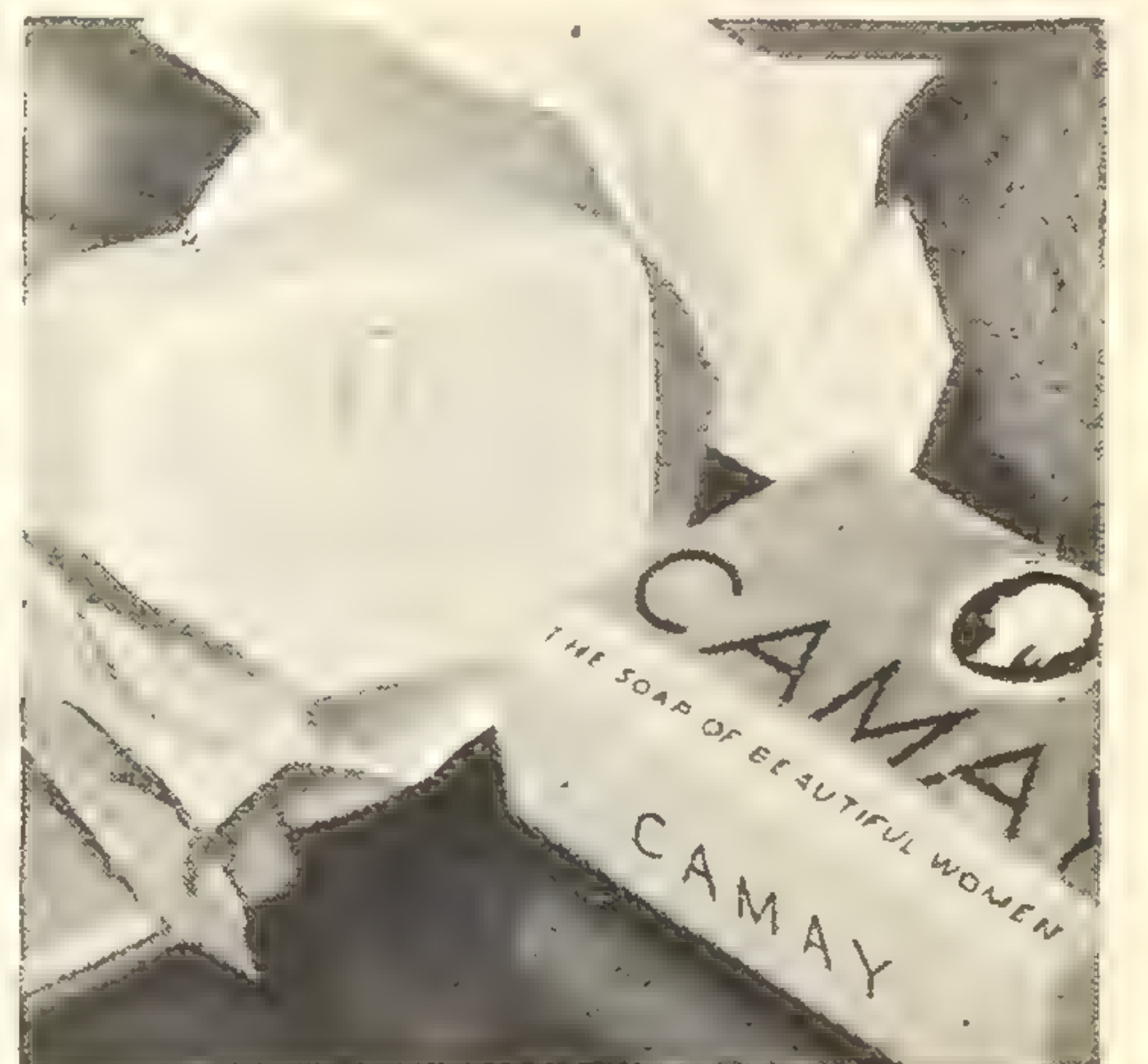
With every passing day, thousands of women are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—taking up Camay.

You'd expect Camay to cost more than other soaps. It doesn't—it costs you less. Check *that* up—and get a supply today!

Need it surprise you when we say that you—like every other woman in the world—are in a Beauty Contest every day you live? Surely you will agree that the curve of your lips, the expression of your eyes—the very coloring and texture of your skin, are seen and judged whenever other people look at you.



● *Apply Camay's caressing lather to your face with a soft cloth and warm water. Rinse with clear, cold water. Then feel how refreshed it leaves your skin!*



● *Camay is creamy-white and pure—delicate on the skin and fragrant in your bath. It comes protected in Cellophane and yields gentle, profuse lather.*

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CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Clyde Beatty in action in "The Big Cage." In another minute he'll have this tiger rolling over and eating out of his hand. In the circle, a close-up of Clyde.



The Editor's Page

by Delight Evans

I'VE met screen stars and prize fighters, Pulitzer prize winners and Broadway beauties. I've even met Sidney Franklin, the bull-fighter from Brooklyn—and *there's* a grand guy. Greeting Garbo, meeting Dietrich, knowing Pickford and Chaplin and Fairbanks—fun; but somehow, life was incomplete. I had never been behind the scenes at a circus.

The movies and the circus, you see, are rival attractions. I could get into film studios, but I had no pass to The Greatest Show on Earth. And that hurt. I could never boast about having met the Ronald Colman of wire-walkers; of having shaken the hand of Clyde Beatty. And then the movies, the good old movies, came to my rescue. Beatty himself—"the world's greatest, youngest, most fearless and famous animal trainer"—was signed to make a film, "The Big Cage." And that put Mr. Beatty right in the palm of my hand. When his circus played its New York engagement in Madison Square Garden, I was there, without even the excuse of taking Jackie Cooper.

Mr. Beatty is the shining light of the world's biggest circus with his act of forty lions and tigers of mixed dispositions and sexes. He is still intact and still has his sense of humor. He has not, however, all his original lions and tigers. Working with Mr. Beatty puts quite a strain on the animals and they often have to give up and retire, or sometimes just give in. After

watching him crack his whip and fire his "blanks" and make his star tiger roll over, and hearing the applause while he took his bow, I went around behind the scenes to meet him—isn't that something? It was fun catching glimpses of the Oriental lady who swings by her hair, handsome wire "artistes" and bareback riders, hearing assorted roars and growls—but I was meeting the star, and there he stood, a compact young man with the bluest eyes and the whitest teeth I have ever seen.

Emily Post doesn't tell you what to say when meeting the world's youngest and most fearless animal trainer; so I said, "I'm tired out watching your act."

"Then how do you suppose I feel?" grinned Clyde Beatty.

But he didn't look it. He is a dynamic young man, with no stellar swank. I've met actors who take their close-ups seriously. Not Mr. Beatty. He has the world's most dangerous job, with the possible exception of Sidney Franklin's; but he is calm, calm, and self-possessed. He likes his work and would be bored doing anything else; but he is very modern and admits freely that his celebrated "hypnotic stare" stunt, taming the tiger by looking straight into his eye, is only an act. Just the same, when Mr. Beatty gives them that gaze, lions and tigers do what he tells them. This man is like that.

"Yes, I liked making 'The Big Cage' for Universal
(Continued on page 96)

Here's Connie, who dissects Joan for you! When you look at those big blue eyes, you know that what they see is bound to be exciting and honest.

The most amazing story you have ever read! La Bennett intimately reveals her friend Joan

By
Hale Horton



Wide World

The girls together! Note the difference between Connie's calm poise and Joan's shyness. The scene is a movie opening in Hollywood.

HERE'S a story about the most unusual friendship in Hollywood. A friendship exemplifying the attraction between diametrically opposed forces; the friendship between Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford.

This friendship had its inception back in the days when Connie and Joan were making "Sally, Irene and Mary." Connie already had stardom. Her name was known from coast to coast. She possessed glamor, wealth, sophistication and social position; while Joan, on the other hand, was a comparative no-



body. Gradually Joan fought her way up in the world. She and Connie were thrown together more often, but it was only a year and a half ago, while both were making pictures on the M-G-M lot, that they developed a friendship sincere and lasting—a friendship that serves me as a never-ending source of amazement, for two more opposite types of women would be difficult to find.

On the one hand you have Connie Bennett, whose champagne wit and inherited talents enabled her to attain stardom in spite of the handicap of being born into the enervating atmosphere of wealth and renown; while Joan, born with no advantages whatsoever—neither material, mental, nor spiritual—is attaining a true success only after a terrific heart-breaking struggle; by sheer power of will she dragged herself from poverty to stardom.

While both have overwhelming sex appeal, they attract for entirely different reasons. Their beauty contrasts vividly. Connie's appeal, illusive though it is, shields a silkenly thunderous woman. Her terrific energy seems to express itself only in lightning-like bursts of words and in the vivacious snapping of her blue-gray eyes as they pierce your consciousness with the clarity of their intelligence; and the warmth of her rare sudden smile only enhances the fragile beauty of her pale face, so adequately framed by that spun gold hair of hers. Indeed, Connie Bennett's allure, so exquisitely intangible that no artist

Joan Crawford *through* Connie Bennett's Eyes!



Here's Joan, whose character, temperament, and talents are frankly and fully laid bare by Constance Bennett. Below, Joan with her pet Scottie, "Sadie Thompson."

could hope to catch its real value unless his brush were as subtle as a woman's soul. On the other hand you have the dusky, primitive Joan Crawford whose flaming abandon has won her hundreds of thousands of loyal fans.

Now let Connie give you a piercing word sketch of her friend, Joan Crawford. Let her tell you why Joan is to be admired more than any woman in Hollywood, why she values her friendship so highly.

It so happened that shortly before Connie left for Europe on a freighter with her husband, Henri de la Falaise, we were discussing this friendship between Joan and herself, and as usual the conversation wove around to the ever-present rumors concerning Joan and Doug's marital difficulties. After a long moment of thought Connie remarked, "In spite of the rumors I don't know

of any good reason why they should actually divorce.

But if they finally see the necessity for it, I am sure they will separate quietly and with dignity. And in the meantime why worry about it?"

Subsequently, when Joan and Doug finally separated, they did so in the manner that Connie had predicted; and she refuses to comment further on the subject, other than this: "Joan's marriage taught her the art of leisure. Having found leisure she used it for thinking—and the more she thought, the more her awareness of the world was intensified, as was the awareness of her many-sided nature. Joan (Continued on page 80)



GABLE!

Here is that NEW slant on Clark you have been waiting to read! It's refreshing—inspiring!

By

Ben Maddox



You have been reading about Gable for several years now, and perhaps you have wondered if there is anything different to find out about him! Here's your answer, in this story. Ben Maddox has discovered a brand new angle on the screen's most romantic actor. You'll like it.

"JUST like a story-book!"

That's the way Clark Gable describes his present life. It is lavish with happiness. Love, fame, and financial security—everything for which he has schemed and struggled for years is his.

He is being rushed from one epic to another these days. If he isn't in the cinematic embraces of La Harlow or Helen Hayes, he's preparing to yearn at Joan Crawford.

I found him getting torchy with the platinum-tressed Jean. They were putting the polish on a super-hot love sequence in "He Was Her Man," for the ultimate benefit of we who, along with Mae West, appreciate the elemental thrills.

"You hear a lot about stardom bringing disillusionment and discontent," he told me when he came off the set after "He Was Her Man" was finished, and the director, cameramen, and electricians began the usual mysterious

conferring that goes on lengthily between shots.

"I've read many of those touching tales of how Hollywood ruins the lives of the people it favors. How the lucky pay and ~~tragedy~~ ^{tragedy} for their brief moment in the spotlight!

"Personally, ~~my~~ ^{my} fate has been very different. Instead of upsetting my equilibrium and wrecking my private affairs, Hollywood has literally *saved* me!"

The engaging Gable grin, that healthy, generous smile

Gable Smashes

a Few

Hollywood Traditions!

☞ "I'm one actor who doesn't want to get away from it all. Instead of wrecking me, Hollywood has literally saved me; has sky-rocketed me into a glamorous, exciting atmosphere. Remember I once worked in factories and oil-fields.

☞ "When long-term studio contracts are no longer available, I'll return to the stage. I'll never attempt a 'come-back' in pictures. Stars who hang on deliberately seek unhappiness.

☞ "I haven't had to fight any 'baleful Hollywood influence' as regards my marriage. On the contrary, Hollywood has been a good experience for Mrs. Gable and myself. It has brought us closer together, if that were possible."

The Movies SAVED Him!

which instantaneously lights up his handsome face, gradually faded as he became utterly serious. Thoroughly sincere, Clark does not talk of his current good fortune in a shallow manner.

"The movies have rescued me from a life of unhappiness. I was blue and discouraged when I had to lead a humdrum, commonplace existence. When I had to work at whatever was at hand. When I was only an extra and even when I was playing leads on Broadway.

"I dreamed of doing exactly what I am doing now. And I had to suppress those desires for fear of being laughed at! Hollywood has sky-rocketed me into a glamorous, exciting atmosphere and I'm one actor who doesn't want to get away from it all.

"It's an artificial life here, no doubt. But a person with an inherent theatrical streak thrives on beautiful illusions!"

He mused silently for a moment.

"Remember I once was a time-keeper in a rubber factory in Ohio! I worked in the Oklahoma oil fields and heaved logs in Washington. To say nothing of collecting for classified ads and for the telephone company in Portland, Oregon. That's when I felt low!"

That Clark has retained his common sense is the most surprising thing about him to me. Especially since his individual brand of masculine appeal registers as strongly in person as on the screen and the local girls-about-town have pursued him diligently. With admirable modesty he appears oblivious to the effect he creates.

"It seems to me that the stars whose lives are 'spoiled' by Hollywood are responsible themselves for their troubles. I think they 'pay' for their prominence by being lured into considering their prominence so gravely that they let it make a mess of their personal conduct."

Acclaimed universally as today's most romantic male, Clark is human enough to be secretly pleased with winning applause. But not for one minute is he deluded by the passionate adulation.

"I can't kid myself," he continued after the director had put him through another flaming session with Jean. (If you get a wallop from their film embraces in your favorite theatre, you ought to come around and see 'em sometime—on the set. When Gable emotes with Harlow sex marks the spot!)

"I can't begin to explain how much I appreciate my luck. It's a break that comes to few, this chance to live a story-book life. And I'm trying my best to prove worthy of the interest the fans have shown in me.

"But I realize perfectly that this popularity won't go on forever. That keeps me from worshipping my career above all else. The day will materialize when my so-called vogue will be over. How long do I expect to last?" He shrugged his shoulders. Probably meaning, as Miss Garbo would tersely put it, "Who can tell?"

Clark declares he is positive that he is no wonder-man and that since he knows it he'll never acquire the idea that he's indispensable.

"That's the complex which drives stars haywire. They believe the flatterers and are finally convinced they are 'immortals.' When they make all sorts of foolish sacrifices to preserve their 'fame.' No wonder some of them are miserable in the midst of all their plenty!"

Holding on to his stardom when the tide has turned is one thing he plans not to do.

"When studio long-term contracts are no longer available I'll return to the stage. I couldn't sit idly twiddling my thumbs, of course. I'll never attempt a 'come-back' in pictures. It's my theory that you should ride the crest of the wave and then quit. Stars who *hang on* deliberately seek unhappiness!"

"However, a star should argue for good rôles. Parts break as well as make. While you can't avoid all the wrong parts, you can object so forcefully that they'll be relatively few and far between. M-G-M has treated me very kindly on this score." (Continued on page 74)



"Hold Your Man!" Meaning Jean Harlow's man in the new motion picture of that title; and meaning a million other girls' favorite screen actor. This new photograph, made on the "set," shows you the real Gable—engaging, healthy, handsome, and thoroughly sincere.



Franchot Tone and Mata Hari! Yes—Franchot really named his dachshund after Garbo's screen character. But Mata is no spy.

Close-up of the clever young man you all want to know about right now

By

James Marion

LETTERS, letters, letters about this Franchot (pronounce it Franchow) Tone. Fans, readers, editors—all wish to know who he is, where he came from, what he has done.

I met this new screen sensation at a dinner party in Joan Crawford's home. She had previously eulogized him and insisted that I meet him immediately. At the time he was working opposite Joan in "Today We Live," his first motion picture, and she was enthusiastically singing his praises.

I was not particularly impressed at first meeting. He seemed too decorous to be interesting. He is a quiet, modest young man with a beautiful command of the English language *when he uses it!* I emphasize those words to stress the fact that Tone is not loquacious. On first acquaintance he rarely speaks unless he is addressed, and on those occasions his answers are monosyllabic. Not until we talked together a half-dozen times did he develop what remotely resembles a conversational streak.

To illustrate his taciturnity. On the occasion of our introduction I attempted to make conversation in my usual expansive manner.

"I understand you were born in Niagara Falls, that your father is a big business executive, and that you are a college graduate," I said, wishing to know the worst.

"Yes," he answered, looking at me steadily.

"Yes, what?" I demanded, still eager to learn.

"Yes to all three accusations," Tone mumbled, and that was his longest speech of the evening!

Before I leave the subject of Niagara Falls, may I interpolate a chuckle at Tone's expense? As a boy Franchot (he never had a nickname) and his companions often amused themselves by teasing obvious newlyweds. They

would station themselves in groups on opposite sides of Niagara's public thoroughfares, and when a blushing bride and groom appeared, one group would shout across to the other, "Here is that new pair of honeymooners." Many an embarrassed bride fled before such public proclamations, and more times than one Tone and his friends were forced to flee from the onsets of furious grooms.

I asked him about his life's romances and he denied even a slight interest in love. As a resident of Niagara he saw so many mushy honeymooners, he said, "that the very thought of marriage turns my stomach."

Franchot expressed his alleged disinterest in love some time before Joan separated from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a move that immediately established Tone as head-man with Miss Crawford. Now he sends her flowers, candy, and gifts in myraid numbers. He escorts her to the theatre, dances, restaurants, fairs and circuses. Strange behavior for a young man disgusted with love, what?

I wouldn't be at all surprised if Franchot doesn't actually burst into six-to-ten-word speeches in Joan's presence. A lovely woman can (Continued on page 95)



Wide World

Most of the stories about Sally Blane begin and end with the fact that she is the sister of lovely Loretta Young. Of course she is, but that's not all! Sally is a Hollywood belle, a clever actress, a beauty—and, if you'll look at the picture above, you'll see that she seems to be completely captivated by the handsome young Earl of Warwick. But she says there's no romance.

A Play Girl Grows Up!

THE story of Sally Blane is one of the most unique in Hollywood. It is not a sensational story—rather, it is a natural, warmly human little tale, easily ignored in a town replete with tales as unusual as they are fantastically true.

Five years ago Sally was one of the thirteen Wampas Baby Stars. Which means that in the slightly hard-boiled opinion of that organization of publicity men, she was one of the newcomers to the screen considered most likely to succeed during the following years.

Barely nineteen, with a warm and luscious beauty, talented besides, Sally faced a future roseate with dreams. Fame, fortune, and accomplishment stretched before her in an enchanting vista. The world was her oyster to open as she willed. From it, she might even be able to wrest prizes for her sister Polly Ann Young, already working in pictures, and her younger sister Loretta, still in school.

Today, Sally works infrequently, usually in rôles of secondary feminine importance in major productions, or in lowly Westerns. It is not without a struggle that she obtains even such parts.

Yet today, Sally is lovelier than ever.

Certainly still very young, her wide grey eyes are clear and eager. Her skin, tanned to the hue of golden honey, just as fresh. Her body just as slim. Besides, the years have added a gift of soft maturity and depth of character, have sharpened her perceptions, improved her acting ability.

Why, then, has Sally failed to live up to that early promise? Why has she failed to justify the potentialities manifest in her first appearances upon the screen?

Her story might (Continued on page 86)

Yes, she's Loretta Young's sister, but she's also a starlet in her own right. Read about Sally Blane on her own!

By
Myrene Wentworth



A Hollywood "sister act" that is genuine and real. Loretta Young is proud of her pretty sister Sally Blane. They are two of the screen colony's most charming youngsters. Sally made her movie début in "The Collegians"—remember?



Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of "the Great Commoner," William Jennings Bryan, and first woman ever to be appointed to a major diplomatic post, is one of America's most distinguished figures. Just before leaving for Denmark to assume her new duties Mrs. Owen gave SCREENLAND her very modern and independent views on the screen, which we publish with considerable pride and pleasure on these two pages.

*Ruth Bryan Owen
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary
of the United States of America*

Ruth Bryan Owen

defends the Films

SCREENLAND is proud to present the first and only interview on motion pictures ever granted by America's gracious woman diplomat!

By
Laura Benham

"**M**OTION pictures are the greatest potential force the world has ever known! Their opportunities for achievement are limitless!"

Ruth Bryan Owen, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Denmark from the United States of America—first woman ever to be appointed to a major diplomatic position—paused in her preparations for departure to the Land of the Midnight Sun to grant to SCREENLAND the first and only interview she has ever accorded a motion picture publication.

"To begin, I want to remind you that my opinions about the screen are those of an outsider—an observer. I do not pretend to know anything of the actual mechanics of picture-



Ruth Bryan Owen says: "'Cavalcade' is a marvelous panorama of English history. I should be happy to see a similar record of America made and shown all over the world." Above, a scene from "Cavalcade" with Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard.

making. That is not within the scope of my business.

"But I go to the movies and I like them. More than liking them, I am intensely conscious of the mighty power they wield. And I have very real and definite opinions about what they *should* mean—what they *could* mean—to the world.

"For the screen is a composite art, combining the best features of all other arts—and it is a far more powerful medium than any or all of the others. Because it is more universal and more far-reaching.

"Any art—a real art—is international. A people of any race or creed can appreciate beauty whether it be in a painting, a piece of sculpture, or a glorious song. But heretofore only a limited number have been privileged to enjoy these things.



Wide World

ATTENTION, HOLLYWOOD!

“There are two important things that motion pictures can do. They can become historical documents, both of the past and of the future; and they can portray the human heart. And in doing both, they can become an increasing power not only in this country, but all over the world.

“Other nations judge us by our motion pictures. They believe that we are exactly as we are portrayed in our films. It is obvious therefore that we should try always to give them a picture of the *real* people of America.

“Censorship is merely a remedy offered to cure an illness that exists. The illness being questionable pictures. If films can be brought to the point where they measure up to acknowledged standards of accuracy, integrity, and honesty, there would be nothing in them to censor—and censorship would die.”

Ruth Bryan Owen

Above, the First Lady and the first lady diplomat of America: Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, in an informal moment at the formal farewell dinner for Mrs. Owen. You will remember that SCREENLAND published Mrs. Roosevelt's first interview on the subject of motion pictures.



Acme

Celebrities! Honoring Ruth Bryan Owen on the eve of her departure for Denmark were Amelia Earhart Putnam, Dr. Otto Wadsted, Danish Minister to America, and Fannie Hurst, noted novelist. Mrs. Owen, by the way, has been for several years a popular “news-reel star”—she possesses much of the personal magnetism of her famous father.

“Everyone is not able to visit the Louvre or attend the Metropolitan Opera. Everyone can see a movie.

“Motion pictures are viewed all over the world, in the cinema palace of the metropolis and in the simple theatre of the remote village. Their message is translated in every language. Therefore, it is vitally imperative that this message be the right one!”

Mrs. Owen paused for a moment to welcome one of her oldest and dearest friends, Fannie Hurst, the writer. Miss Hurst had arrived not only to visit with her friend through many years, but also to pay her respects to a woman who has accomplished much—a woman, though, who is admired not only for her ability but loved for her warm heart and never-failing graciousness.

For Mrs. Owen is a conspicuous illustration of the fact that though a woman enter what has always been acknowledged a man's game, she need not lose one whit of her womanliness and feminine charm.

Tall, majestically-proportioned, with softly-greying hair and alive blue eyes which crinkle with interest as she talks, this daughter of the “Great Commoner,” William Jennings Bryan, is one of America's outstandingly successful women.

Born in Jacksonville, Illinois, about half a century ago, Mrs. Owen was reared in the conventional mould prescribed for sheltered daughters of that era. Later, when life ordained that she earn a livelihood, she followed the call of her heritage and entered public life, eventually emerging from the political maelstrom as Congresswoman from Florida.

After acquitting herself well for several terms she lost her seat last year, only to be accorded the signal honor of her appointment to her present post.

Ensconced in the Presidential suite of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York for the week before sailing, Mrs. Owen attended to the myriad last-minute details and

managed to find time between her personal and diplomatic duties to voice her views on motion pictures. To voice them in soft yet determined tones, in a leisurely manner, unruffled by the numerous interruptions—many of them annoying—a few of them delightful, as for instance her visit from Fannie Hurst.

When she concluded her talk with Miss Hurst, Mrs. Owen returned to her chair beside me and continued our conversation just where we had stopped.

“There are two important things that motion pictures can do. They can become historical documents, both of the past and for the future—and they can portray the human heart. And in doing both, they can become an increasing power, not only in this country but all over the world.

“Already there have been some pictures which are accurate documents of the past. Films such as ‘Alexander Hamilton’ do more to make history live and breathe than any textbook ever written.

“That film combined the qualities of good literature with the visual vitality of life. After seeing it, one left the theatre feeling familiar with the actual man that was Hamilton and with the other characters who walked with him.

“Even the silent picture of a few years ago, ‘The Covered Wagon,’ imbued with life our long-dead forebears who crossed the plains and built up this nation. More recently, ‘Cimarron’ achieved the same reality.

“Though produced in this country, ‘Cavalcade’ is a marvelous panorama of English history. I should be happy to see a similar record of America made and shown all over the world.

“For such a film is of international value; it is a true picture of events that actually occurred, events that were part of the building of an empire. And it would be a wonderful thing if the history (Continued on page 78)

IS GARBO BLUFFING?

By
James M. Fidler

If you are not prepared to be surprised, stimulated, and, perhaps, shocked—then do NOT read this great new Garbo story!



"G. G."

IS Greta Garbo bluffing?

I believe she is. In my opinion her "melancholy dame" pose is just so much apple-sauce brewed by the statuesque blonde for the purpose of box-office stimulation.

I do not believe she likes America. I am positive that she thinks even less of the motion picture industry. I sense that she is masquerading behind a *poker-face* and that she may be laughing at the producers who are paying her an astounding salary and at the public which is paying many times her salary to see her pictures.

I am making no attempt to hurt Garbo. I do not believe it possible to hurt her in the eyes of her loyal following. Surely, if cruel radio'd and published jests about her personal appearance, and if that movie burlesque titled "Nothing Ever Happens"—(a satire of "Grand Hotel")—cannot injure the Swedish star, then no such friendly-frank discussion as my own will dampen the ardor of her fans.

There is no "mystery" surrounding Garbo—none that she has not manufactured to suit her own whims. She is not aloof, as the world is lead to believe. She attends Hollywood social events whenever she feels like lending her presence to such occasions. She does not retire behind stone walls and defy the world to find her, as her press agents so often aver.

Garbo has refused to be interviewed by the press. Whereupon that press chooses to treat the actress as a mystery. As a matter of record, she is no recluse. She declines to be interviewed simply because her very wise business manager suggested such refusal as a clever publicity ruse.

Does that wise manager realize also that Garbo is *not* good interview copy? Perhaps Greta may think rapidly



Wide World

in her own language—who but another Swede may say, and I am no Swede. But Garbo does not think rapidly *in the English language*. Possibly this is because she must transpose English words into Swedish before she can understand their full import. Then she must frame her Swedish answer in Anglo-Saxon phrases. All of which takes time—and what a sharp interviewer might do to Greta by clever manipulation of words may easily be imagined!

Garbo *does* talk. In her slow, guttural voice she talks as freely as other human beings. I have been in the same

International



Rare photographs of Garbo! The large portrait above was made of Greta in New York when she first landed in America from Sweden in 1925, on her way to Hollywood. The close-ups in the circles show other Garbo photographs from the same early sitting.

Left, Garbo as she arrived in this country from her recent long vacation in Sweden. This was the occasion on which she told reporters she was glad to be back—and seemed to mean it. And then she retired into her customary seclusion.



Wide World

rooms with Greta when she mingled with other people and I have heard her engage in conversations as freely as others surrounding her. On such occasions I have never heard any gems of wisdom emerge from her lips; on the contrary it has always seemed to me that she has said nothing of particular importance.

She knows little about the United States aside from California and the motion picture industry. When first she came to Hollywood the woman did not know what a lion is! When she was requested to pose for publicity photographs with one of the beasts, she inquired:

"Lion? What iss dos animal?"

Now do you perceive the wisdom of the business manager who cautioned the Swedish actress *not to talk*?

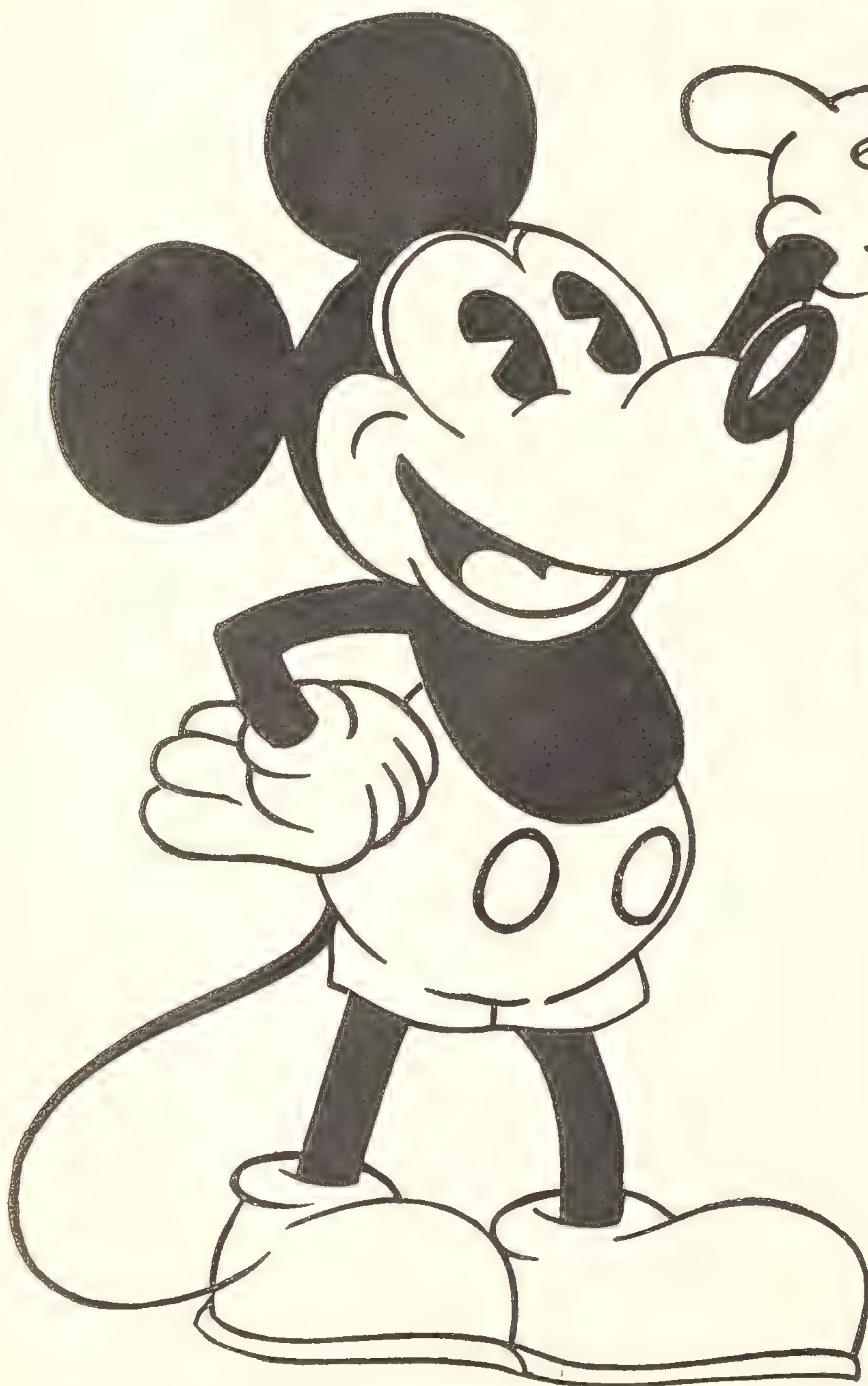
There was a period following Greta's arrival in America during which she was most anxious to learn the (Continued on page 82)



Here's "Little Eva," one of Walt Disney's drawings of Mickey's leading lady, Minnie, shown at the Kennedy Galleries, New York. Walt and his Mickey "belong" now!



The Art of Mickey Mouse



COLLEGE ART ASSOCIATION
invites you to attend
an exhibition of
ORIGINAL WATERCOLORS AND DRAWINGS
By
WALT DISNEY
Creator of Mickey Mouse
on view at the galleries of
KENNEDY AND COMPANY
785 FIFTH AVENUE
New York City

HERE indeed was an historic event!

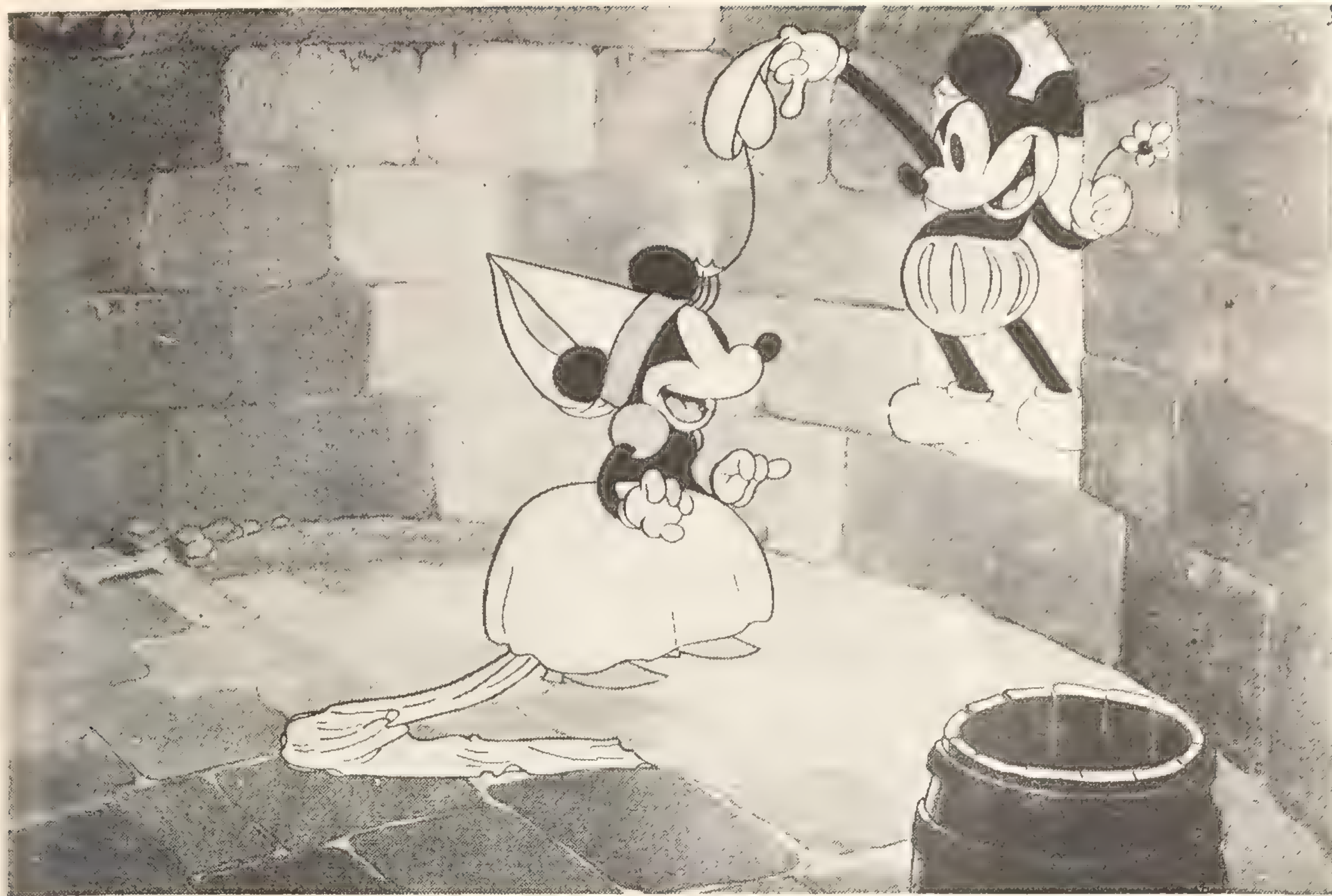
At last, I mused, entering the Kennedy Galleries on Fifth Avenue, New York, where a collection of original Mickey Mouse portraits was on exhibit—at last America's most popular actor had come into his own. A one-man show was being devoted to his portraits by Walt Disney, at one of New York's most distinguished art galleries.

Mingling with the throng of art devotees, I began inspecting some of Mickey's pictures on the walls. My contemplation of a drawing of the young genius skating joyously across a pond was interrupted by a youthful, piping voice at my elbow:

"Exquisite!" it exclaimed. "Such firmness of line, such suavity and ease of execution!"

Struck by a familiar note in the voice, I turned—and beheld a sight that held me fast in my tracks, eyes bulging and jaw adroop. There stood Mickey Mouse in person, avidly gazing at his various pictures—but it was not the Mickey Mouse you and I know and have seen a hundred times on the screen.

He had discarded the familiar little white double-breasted pants and the absurdly over-sized shoes which had constituted his entire costume in fair



"Minnie the Fair, Minnie the Beautiful!" A scene by Disney from "Mickey's Mellerdrammer." Mickey himself, turning connoisseur, remarks learnedly on the artist's "firmness of line."

"I'm the Mous-solini of geniuses," cries modest Mickey, as High Art claims him for her own

By
Mortimer Franklin

weather and foul. Mickey now wore a morning coat, striped trousers, a gleaming white vest, and pearl-grey spats; he held a stick modishly tucked under one arm, and stood gazing at a picture through a be-ribboned pair of nose-glasses.

"Mickey!" I cried. "How—! What—!"

The Mouse elegantly raised a forefinger. "Tut, my good friend," he warned in cultivated accents. "Please, no unseemly noises. Remember that you are in the presence of Art!"

"But—?" I made an inarticulate gesture toward his resplendent attire.

"Oh, to be sure," he commented, looking slightly bored. "And why not, pray? It's quite in keeping with all this"—with a sweep of his arm toward the surrounding pictures—"don't you know? Once I was just a slapstick comedian—Oh, those tiresome days! Now I am not only a respected Artist, but a subject of Art as well. Come, let us feast our eyes and regale our souls."

He led me, still somewhat dazed, over to the next picture, which he proceeded to scrutinize through his *pince-nez*. It was a scene from his picture, "Ye Olden Days," in which Mickey is seen as a medieval swain coming to a tryst with his Minnie through the window of her castle home.

"One of my more poignantly rhapsodic scenes," remarked the young *elegante*, falling back a step to view the work in deeper perspective. "Hm, quite good, quite clever, though his brilliance is perhaps a bit Rat-a-tat. Notice the unfailing instinct for accentuation, the integrity of the draftsmanship, the—er, effective massing of spaces, and above all the delicate spontaneity of the whole. And here"—moving to a more formally posed portrait of the star alone as he appeared in "Mickey's Mellerdrammer"—"here we encounter the artist in more serious vein. Observe how dignified the concept, yet how—um, how uncompromisingly realistic the interpretation. Could Daumier have recaptured more compellingly the essence of an absorbing subject? Could

Matisse have infused with more revelatory insight the portrait of a great man?"

Truly amazing! At least it might have been, had I not happened to observe the young connoisseur stealing hasty little glances at the critical notes in his catalogue while he delivered his learned comments.

"You're the nertz, all right, Mickey," I thoughtlessly commented.

"Do, please, address me hereafter as 'Michael,'" he drawled, slightly pained. "That other is not quite *comme il faut*, y'know? Yes, though you put it somewhat infelicitously, I truly appear to have joined the company of the immortal great. There is Rubens' Wife, there is Whistler's Mother—and now there is Disney's Mouse.

"But observe, pray, that my greatness exceeds even theirs; for while they are great because they were subjects of famous works of art, I became a subject for Art because I was already great!" He gestured eloquently with his stick, and paused to curl a whisker.

"How does Minnie feel about it all?" I inquired. A shadow crossed his blasé features.

"Come now, need we, after all, discuss the lady? She is, to be sure, a creature of undeniable beauty and a most competent actress, but I have begun to suspect that she is not quite the ideal life companion for me. So naïve, so unresponsive to the higher impulses, she lacks that aesthetic background that a really cultivated artist should have. Why, only the other day she vulgarly accused me of 'mouscling in' on the art racket!"

His discourse was interrupted by its subject, who came scampering through the door and flew into his arms with squeaks of joy. "Here I am, Mickey dear; are you ready for our date?"

"Gently, my dear, gently," reproved the great actor, visibly embarrassed. "You have interrupted a serious discussion of art—"

"Oh, you're starting *that* again, are you?" rejoined Minnie unfeelingly. "Didn't I tell you that if I ever caught you messing around (Continued on page 96)



A movie star's home with a breakfast nook! The Arlens live as sanely and simply in Hollywood as the younger married folks on your own block. Here are Joby, Dick, and S. R. Mook, who wrote this story.



Above, Dick in the comfortable library of the Arlen home. All you home-makers will be interested to read in this story how the Arlens remodeled their Toluca Lake house to welcome Richard, Jr.

Below, a view of the Arlen domain, with the unpretentious charm which made the otherwise sophisticated Mr. Mook label it "the home that love built." See that telegram from a proud father?



The House that Love Built!

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its designated character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT
J. C. WILKINSON, MRS.

Received at 54 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
• NU 10 7 NM= HOLLYWOOD CALIF MAY 17
DELIGHT EVANS= SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
45 WEST 45=
ITS A BOY AND EVERYTHING IS OK=
DICK ARLEN.



A view of the living room. That's a "museum piece" on the piano, crocheted by Joby's grandmother in the "popcorn stitch." See the hooked rug in front of the fireplace? It says "Home, Sweet Home," and it was Peggy Joyce who persuaded them to keep it there!

For every house where love abides,
And friendship is a guest,
Is surely home—and home, sweet home,
For there the heart can rest.

NO HOUSE that Jack built, this. Or just movie jack. This is the house that love built. Yes—in Hollywood, actually!

When Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen married seven years ago they built a small house in the Toluca Lake district. Pictures flooded the magazines. Pictures showing them in overalls laying tiles, pouring cement, driving nails and what not. Back in the east myself, at the time, I remember thinking it was all very ga-ga—and probably a publicity stunt.

Then Fate picked me up and set me down in Hollywood. And presently I found myself a frequent visitor at the Arlen home. To my astonishment I learned that the Arlens actually had laid the tiles, poured a lot of the cement, and helped in the building of the house!

"You see," Dick told me once, "when we were married, Joby was making \$1500 a week—every week. We knew if our marriage was to be a success one of us would have to leave the screen. It couldn't be me because I wouldn't sit around and let a woman support me. I was making \$200 a week at the time, which was little enough in comparison to what she was making, but we felt there was something wrong with people who couldn't live on that. When we decided to build we naturally had to economize wherever we could. And by doing some of the work ourselves we saved quite a lot. It took longer that way but what was the difference? Besides, it made us feel we had actually had a hand in the building of the place."

Today the Arlens are probably the closest friends I have in Hollywood—and I admit that my early ideas of them were all wrong. A less ga-ga

When one of Hollywood's least sentimental writers sends in a "heart" story, it's something! Imagine Dick Mook going on about dream-houses and such! But we know you'll like it, because it's sincere. How could it be otherwise, when it's all about Dick and Joby Arlen and their remodeled house and their brand-new baby?

By
S. R. Mook
(the old reformed cynic)

couple it would be hard to imagine. And the house which, until lately, has remained unchanged since the day they moved in, is suggestive of anything but a fluttery ingénue's idea of a dream house.

Recently when they discovered there was to be an addition to the family it became necessary to enlarge the original place to accommodate the baby—Richard, Jr., who arrived May 17.

Last Christmas Dick came home with a large square-cut diamond ring. Joby looked at it with swimming eyes and turned to him. "It's beautiful. But I'll tell you what. You take it back and let's take that money and put a little more to it and do (Continued on page 88)



The restful patio with its gay garden chairs and umbrellas and lily pond. The Arlen home is a miniature estate which grows with the years. Richard, Jr., is still too young to be photographed romping around here, but you'll be seeing him!

Ames to Please!

And with so many things
in her favor, how can
Adrienne miss?

By
Evelyn Ballarine

Watch for Adrienne Ames in "Disgraced," with Bruce Cabot and Helen Twelvetrees. Below, when she was Adrienne Truex, an extra in films.



"I'M TIRED of reading and hearing all those reverse Cinderella stories that are circulating about me," said the glamorous Adrienne Ames. "Weary of the line about the wealthy society girl who gave up a marvelous social life to be 'just a working girl.' And the one that says that I am married to a millionaire and that's why I got my chance in pictures. It isn't true!" said Adrienne with eyes blazing. (If she had been enacting this scene before the cameras, there wouldn't have to be any "re-takes.")

"I haven't been wallowing in luxury. As a matter of fact, there was a two-year period in my life when I had a very tough struggle." We were lunching at the smart Embassy Club in New York and Adrienne was wearing a grand creation especially designed for her, and somehow it was hard to believe that that well-known "silver spoon" had ever been out of arm's reach. "I was married at sixteen, was the mother of a baby girl at seventeen—and was divorced at eighteen! I was living in California at that time and my family, shocked by the divorce, wrote me to come back home. But I decided to shift for myself and my baby and refused to go back to

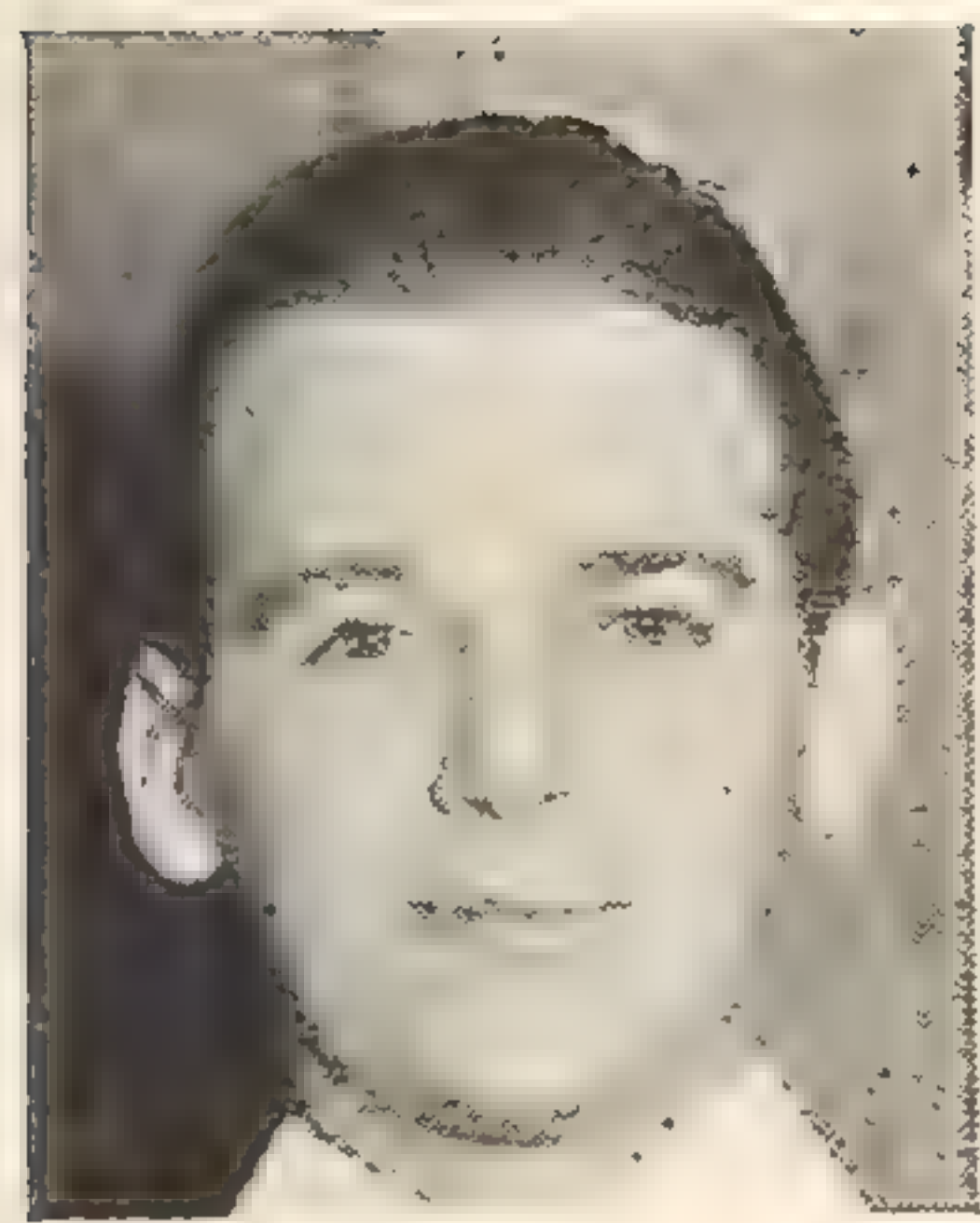
Texas. My family begged, pleaded, and finally my father commanded me to at least be sensible about the infant and let mother take care of her. This I did," said La Ames, pausing, with a remembering look in her eyes.

"By the way," she added, "this is the first time I have ever discussed my daughter for publication. But I don't want the idea to get around that I'm deliberately hiding her from the public gaze, because that's silly. I'm proud of her and I want everybody to know it!

"But about those two years of struggle. For the first time in my life I had to face responsibility. I vowed I wouldn't write home for money—and I never did! Thanks to my sister Jane, who is a year younger than I am, but who has a better business head than I ever hope to have," she said with a laugh.

"It was Jane who got me my first job—as an extra in pictures. I was Adrienne Truex in those days. During those two years I worked at the grandest assortment of jobs. I couldn't count on steady work as an extra in films, and more than once I thought of my 'little gay home in the South.' Mind you, I didn't go hungry or anything like that, but the feel- (Continued on page 93)

In this photographic "doublet" of the two stars, both their likenesses and their disparities are strikingly evident. It's a composite of the two pictures at left and right.

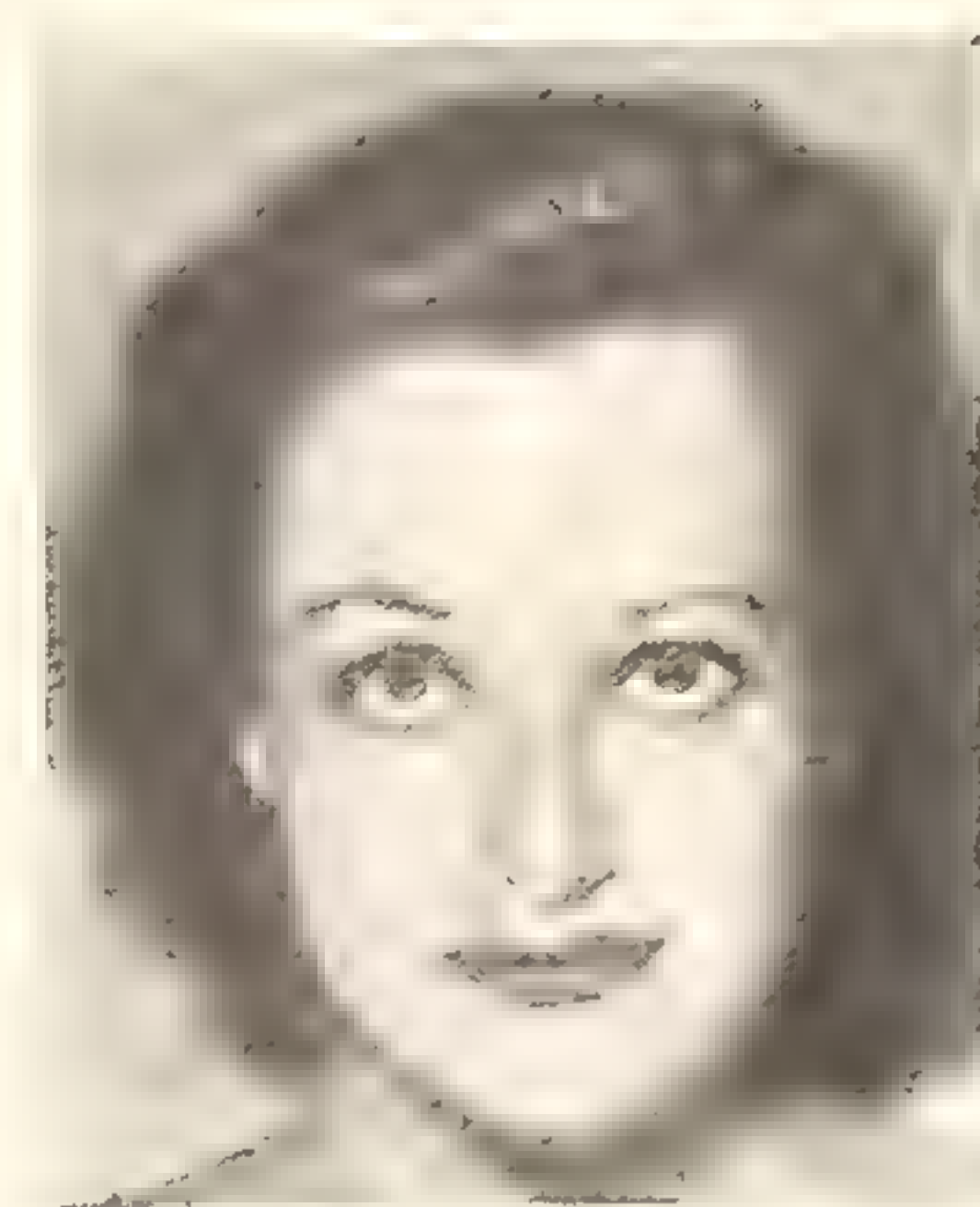


DOUG'S

BROW: active, versatile
EYES: observant, dexterous
NOSE: artistic, constructive
JAW: impatient of rules

JOAN'S

broad-minded, humorous
 color-sensitive, expressive
 cosmopolitan, changeable
 determined, tomboyish



Divorce of Double Stars!

The dilemma of Joan and Doug,
revealed by their own features!

By
William E. Benton

ALL THE world loves a lover"—and the loveliest books in all languages are full of idealized descriptions of their affairs, although few really famous lovers lived happily ever after.

If this feeling for lovers is so deeply a part of human nature, it is only natural that moving picture fans the world over should experience a feeling of sorrow at the much-talked-of divorce of that most interesting couple, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. The world feels that it is entitled to know why they are no longer "that way" about each other. In discussing it with one man, I happened to mention the life-long love of the great poet, Dante, for Beatrice whom he had adored from a distance but never even spoken to, he revered her so greatly. My friend answered this by saying, "That's about the only way people can adore each other always, because marriage brings out the faults of each and unless they are wonderfully tolerant, they simply can't go on adoring each other." (I might add he hopes

to be married this summer—a courageous man indeed!)

Well, Joan and Doug, Jr., were not even free of the rice thrown at their wedding before cynics were offering odds they would not be lovers for a year. But they have done four times that. Living as they were, under the great spotlight of world publicity, both struggling for and attaining stardom at about the same time—can you faintly imagine the strain on their love in that whirling vortex of love, hate and fear, known as Hollywood?

They are both very real people with distinctive and very different personalities as their duality doublet showing a half of each of their faces plainly reveals. As surely as they have these strong differences in features and the mental traits they indicate, just so surely would they have a difficult time seeing the world about them through the same eyes. Her eyes are the large, staring eyes of a credulous, talkative, highly excitable and lovable child. His eyes are smaller, keener, but somehow, more tragic with their heavy down- (Continued on page 92)



Here's the second great "G. B." to visit Hollywood this year! G. B. Shaw was the first. G. B. Stern tells you in this feature what she thinks of Hollywood, Katharine Hepburn, and adapting "Little Women" for the films.

WHAT G. B. Stern *thinks of* Hollywood

Exclusive! Famous English author speaks frankly and fearlessly about our film capital—and a star or two!

By
Betty Shannon

NINETEEN THIRTY-THREE will probably go down in screen history as the year when the two "G. B.'s" visited Hollywood—G. B. Shaw and G. B. Stern!

You will want, now, to know about G. B. Stern (no, not George Bernard but Gladys Bertha) and what she thinks of the American film capital.

First of all, as her first movie job this famous English author was assigned to write screen adaptations for Hollywood's most speculated-about personality of the moment, Katharine Hepburn. The new feminine star's yet unsounded heights and depths and emotional possibilities make her the cynosure of all eyes—and any author writing for her is included in the bright aura of her glamor.

Katharine Hepburn was really the deciding factor in

Miss Stern's decision to come to America at all. Like the other "G. B." Miss Stern had been for years urged to come to this country for lecture tours—but not liking to ride on oceans, she had refused. But when Katharine Hepburn created the same furore in London that she did in New York when she flashed upon the cinema scene, G. B. Stern thought she would like to write for a captivating young artist like this. And when a foreign film "scout" told her that if she journeyed to Hollywood she might write scripts for Hepburn, the writer could refuse no longer.

If that was not enough for any one newcomer—John Barrymore was assigned to a rôle in one of the stories which Miss Stern was adapting for Hepburn. Barrymore still remains the most distinguished of America's handsome male stars. His ability to grasp the subtleties



"Character and fascination"—these qualities G. B. Stern attributes to Katharine Hepburn. In fact, you will be seeing Hepburn as a G. B. Stern heroine on the screen before long. She will be co-starred with John Barrymore in the picturization of "Long Lost Father." At the left, a scene from the current Hepburn picture, "Morning Glory," in which Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., supports the star.

of character makes him a catch for any screen dramatist.

The name of this story? "Long Lost Father," and the third thrilling achievement of G. B. Stern from the Hollywood point of view was that she sold it to the films and wrote the adaptation even before it had been published in book form. The plot is based on an interesting variation of the father-and-daughter theme, one version of which made up the poignant story which introduced Hepburn to the screen, "A Bill of Divorcement."

In working on the script for "Long Lost Father" Miss Stern had the opportunity to come to know Barrymore well, and, as a sort of minor notable achievement, succeeded in making quite a fan of him because of her dog stories. He wants to play *Kim*, the bored Irish terrier, it seems, in Miss Stern's book, "The Dark Gentleman." The author says she would welcome suggestions as to how this unusual adaptation might be done! And in the meantime, I am told by a recent arrival from Hollywood, that Mr. Barrymore sings the praises of *Kim* constantly. His usual, or at least frequent, procedure in entering a drawing-room these days is to say, "Have you read G. B. Stern's 'Dark Gentleman'? I say, you must!"

Fourth, G. B. Stern, in her 18-week Hollywood stay, captured one of the grandest writing jobs handed out in Hollywood for many a season. This was the picture adaptation of America's beloved book, "Little Women," which is still going strong after fifty years; no less than 1,500,000 copies have been sold. Miss Hepburn is soon to be set at work in the fascinating rôle of *Jo*.

Many people still wonder if it was a little bit sacrilegious to give the adaptation to a writer not of American birth. But when I tell you why the making of the screen script of Louisa M. Alcott's precious story was given to "G. B." you will feel that she was the logical person to do it, I am sure.

Miss Stern hoped, a little wistfully I thought, that the public would understand that it was because she loved and revered the New England of America that she had been chosen to translate "Little Women" to the screen. She was eager to tell the many thousands of American women who had cherished this piece of fiction that she loves it as they and their daughters do.

"If the screen adaptation of 'Little Women' was given to me, some one from beyond the sea, it was because I knew the book so well, inside and out. At the studio they discovered that I could quote pages of it by heart. They finally got bored with my good memory, and told me to go ahead and do the script! Nothing, of course, could have given me greater joy. I can't remember when I haven't loved 'Little Women.' I first read it when I was a small girl, and I suppose I have read it every six months since," G. B. Stern told me.



John Barrymore is a G. B. Stern "fan." And he will soon be enacting a rôle in one of her stories.

"At first, when I read the book as a child, I did not realize the fact that the locale of the story was not my own country. That is a tribute to the timelessness and the universality of the story which has made it beloved all over the world. There were various things as a child that I did not quite understand from my own experience, but I passed them over.

"For instance, there was Thanksgiving Day. What sort of a day was Thanksgiving Day? That was a holiday we did not have at home. And I couldn't decide why the March girls' mother should be called 'Marmee.' With us, she would have been 'Mummy' or 'Mums.' But I simply lived with the characters during my girlhood.

"I can understand, of course, why it might have been thought strange that a non-American woman should be given the story of 'Little Women' to put in script form. And yet, it is no stranger than that American women should have last year made a play of 'Alice in Wonderland.' I am sure the two books are on a par—books without one country, but belonging to every country. 'Alice' has been directed and produced on the stage in so exquisitely the right spirit that I am sure they will love it when it comes to England." (Continued on page 76)



A striking head of Hepburn, The Movie Girl of the Moment. Read how Hepburn helped entice G. B. Stern to Hollywood.

The "Young" Idea

Introducing Elizabeth—
Broadway's latest gift to
Hollywood

By
Mortimer Franklin



Elizabeth Young began her first year in the Broadway theatre as an "extra" and finished it in a leading rôle. And now she's ready to repeat her success in Hollywood.

ON A gentle spring evening somewhat more than a year ago, a resolute young actress strode upon the stage of a New York theatre and, for the benefit of the bemused first-nighters, firmly pronounced this deathless line:

"There's a young lady downstairs asking to see Mr. Vanderkill."

Whether the young lady downstairs ever succeeded in her quest is not known to this recorder; but there is more than a faint possibility that she and the slightly patrician Mr. Vanderkill will achieve a lasting footnote in the history of the American stage and screen. For their names are associated with the birth of what looks sus-

piciously like one of the most important new acting careers of recent seasons, the career of—to keep you in suspense no longer—Miss Elizabeth Young. In that "walk on" rôle in "Child of Manhattan" Miss Young, who is nineteen and willowy and extremely pleasant to the sight, found her stepping-stone to a brief but busy stage life and to an opportunity for cinema accomplishment.

"I won that part by making a nuisance of myself," said the candid Elizabeth, breezily relating the events of her brief past in the drawing room of the Young home in New York, a few days before striking out westward for the film coast. "I'd made up my mind to be an actress or bust. And I had no intention of being a bust. So when Peggy Fears announced that she was going to put on a play called 'Child of Manhattan' I went over—

"And applied for a part," her interviewer nodded sagely.

"Not at all. I applied for something like half a dozen parts. It was a big production, you see, and I simply refused to believe that there wasn't a part somewhere in it for me. So I kept attending rehearsals and understudied nearly every female rôle in the play, from artist's model to leading lady. Every time a girl dropped out of the large cast I'd pop up at the director and volunteer for her part, all ready to step into it. And at last I wore him down!

"Then, after several weeks of announcing Mr. Vanderkill's lady caller, I did penance for the summer in a suburban repertory company, working harder than I'd ever worked before, but getting some grand experience. And in the fall I gritted my teeth and advanced firmly on the office of Gilbert Miller, who was casting the New York production of 'The Firebird.' He gave me my first real part on Broadway."

She neglected to add that Mr. Miller hired her strictly on her merits and her record, though it might easily have been otherwise. For Miss Young, though born to the crystal and ermine of New York social elite, a graduate of the ultra-exclusive Spence School, and daughter of Justice William Young of Children's Court, kept her letters of introduction from (Continued on page 90)

Notes
for your
Movie
Date-
Book!



Harvey White

Write these appointments down—now!
And be sure to keep them, for if you
don't you'll be missing moments with
the flower of Hollywood's beauty, charm,
and romance

*A date with Jean Harlow for "Dinner at Eight." Jean
as an exciting little actress in M-G-M's all-star film will
give you an evening that you won't soon forget!*



Elmer Fryer

An Athletic Date with Cagney

THE gingery James turns into a song-and-dance man (actually!) in Warners' next big music-film. Meet him in the gym and watch him in training for his new act!

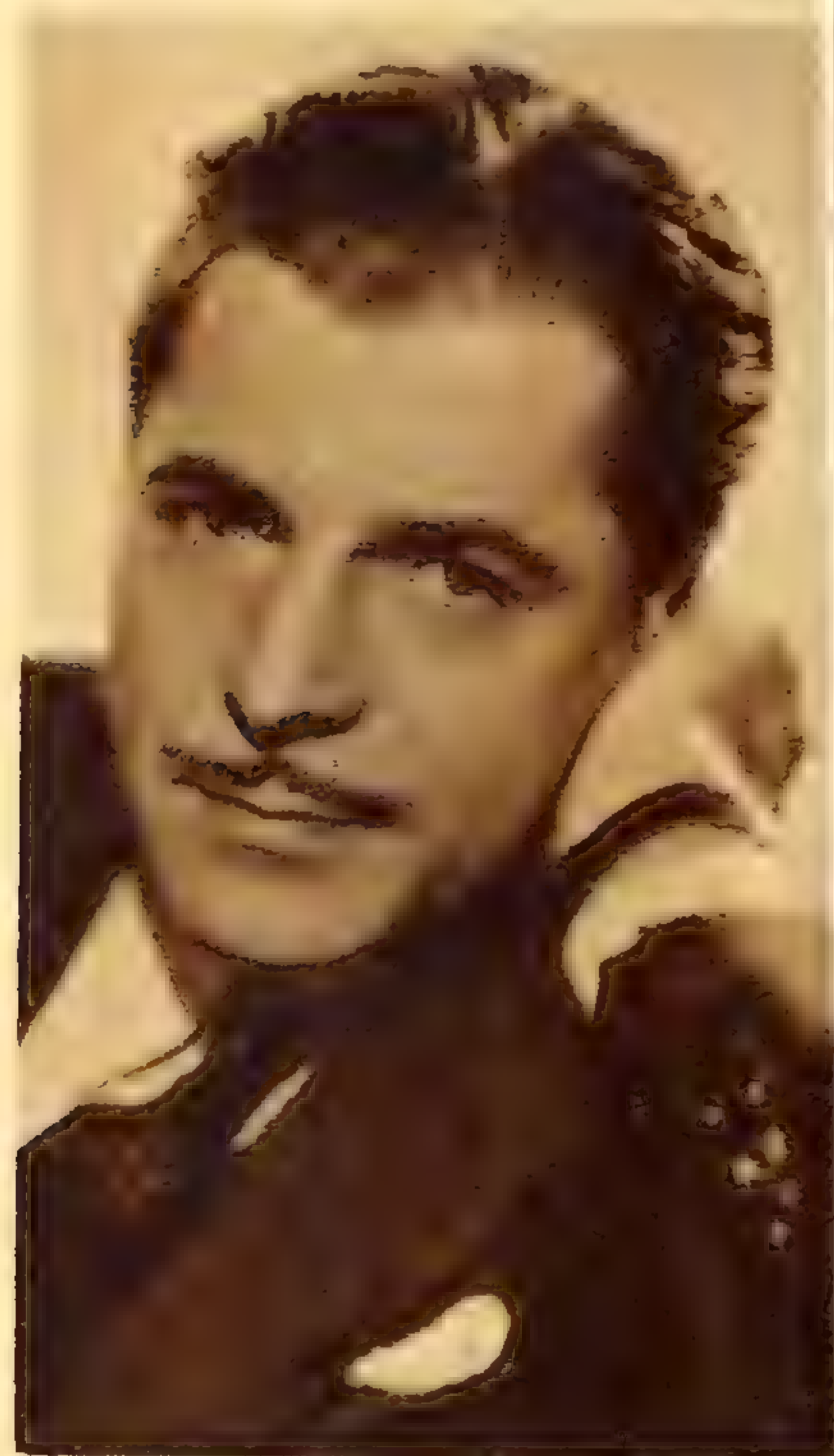
A Scholarly (?) Date with Leslie Howard

MEANING a quiet evening at home with this gentlemanly actor? Well—maybe. But look at Leslie, above, with Dietrich! Watch for him in "The Lady Is Willing."



Carl Devoy, Columbia Pictures

Beauty Abounding



Warner Baxter, quiet and masterful, is the man of affairs who worships the dancing lady in this film based on a Broadway hit.

Two gorgeous blondes, fighting for a charming man's love, furnish an eloquent eyeful in "I Loved You Wednesday." SCREENLAND presents some advance "stills"!

Miriam Jordan, beautiful charmer from England, is the ashe-blond wife who battles to hold her husband against the allurements of a dainty dancer.

Quips and cocktails for two! Here's a "still" of the famous speakeasy scene in which the wife and the "other woman" meet and join in a battle of wits.





Ray Jones



Victor Jory, suave and compelling as the light-hearted husband, comes back to Elissa, the sweetheart of his early youth.

Elissa Landi, more imperiously lovely than ever, is the golden blonde dancer who comes between Miriam and her gay, irresponsible husband.



"To whatever fate may befall us!" Warner and Miriam pause amid the conflict of tangled lives and loves to drink a good-natured toast.



Bachrach

A Delectable Date with Dorothy

EXUDING girlish youth and disarming naivete, Dot Jordan claims a place all her own in your little note book. And —P. S.—don't forget that Dorothy likes flowers!



Eugene Robert Richee

A Daring Date with Dietrich

A DATE with Dietrich is a date with beauty! Mysterious Marlene acquires new and fascinating allure as the much-desired heroine in a film version of "The Song of Songs."

An "At Home" Date with Loretta Young

Loretta, looking poised and statuesque in the graceful contours of her hostess gown, pauses on the staircase landing.

*What a house!
What a setting!
What a view! Look
out from the portico
of the Young manse,
and miles of Cali-
fornia countryside
will smile back at
you.*



*Elf-like in simple
slacks, jacket and
"sneakers," our
hostess greets us at
the garden gate with
that gracious Young
smile.*





A beautiful girl
in a beautiful
house! Here are
pictures that do
justice to both

Standing before the ornamental fireplace, Loretta's white-clad figure blends gracefully with this symphony of light and shadow.



Indoors again, Loretta surveys her living room from the fireplace. Does a fondness for fireplaces indicate a lack of natural warmth? Not in Loretta's case!

Photographs of Loretta Young posed exclusively for SCREENLAND by Elmer Fryer.



Here Loretta shows how she finds comfort in her hours of rest. Carefree and unencumbered in her lounging costume, she's as cool and fresh as her garden.



Still a little girl at heart! Loretta has a grand time, when she thinks no one is looking, playing about the doll house which she built for her ten-year-old sister, Georgiana.



Otto Dyar

An "Adorable" Date with Janet!

ALL wrapped up in cloud-like chiffon like a dainty morsel to be taken home; Janet is waiting for you to come and laugh and palpitate with her in her newest picture, "Adorable."



Hal Pbyfe

An "Off-Screen" Date with George O'Brien

THIS is something of a private date for a romantic young lady reader who asked to see a picture of George as he really looks. But all you other O'Brien fans are invited, too!

Lilyan Tashman's "Dated" Clothes



Above, the dress sans the cape—the sleeves are made with tiny tucks at the shoulder, very full to the elbow, and tight from there to the wrist.



Linen and crêpe! Lilyan's simple bubble-crêpe dress is cleverly adapted with a dark blue linen jacket of military mode. Linen buttons decorate the jacket.

Quaintly sophisticated is Lilyan Tashman in this short cape of black grosgrain, which she wears over a black mousseline de soie dinner dress. Her Russian turban of black crocheted silk cord completes this bound-to-be-successful ensemble.



Lilyan stresses the importance of gloves. They should match your costume or your accessories, advises La Tashman. Here's a close-up of her evening gauntlets—they are made of black crocheted cord, with a tight wrist band.

Lil's midnight blue crêpe frock has pink pearl buttons, pink piqué collar, and bow tie on the blue patent leather belt. Her gloves and hat are pink, too! And note that clip on the collar!



Photographs of Lilyan Tashman posed exclusively for SCREENLAND

Tashman's fashions are always dated the day-after-tomorrow! Take tips from her and you'll be 'way ahead of the "dress parade"!



prints put you in gay mood, says an. Her ensemble is a printed satin white daisy design, with red and blue ground. The dainty white lace adds a flattering touch.



Above, Lilyan in a very striking dinner gown. Fine lines in design make this flat crêpe effective—it has a long tunic and handkerchief effect cape.

The smart broad-shoulder slim-hip vogue still prevails. This smart costume is of black silk and wool, with pleated ruffle trimming, and black bone buttons. With this Lil wears white organdie gloves and a black straw sailor hat.



Isn't this the most fascinating print evening gown? The tantalizing Tashman's frock is a heavy white satin crêpe with fuchsia flower design. Her gloves are of the same material.

Take Tashman's advice and get yourself a swagger coat—padded shoulders and huge puffed sleeves preferred! Lilyan's is of beige ribbed wool. She selects a beige beret to go with it.





Elmer F.

A Dashing Date with Ruby

DICK POWELL, down there in the corner, seems to be keeping this one for us by proxy—and very glad of the job, at that! But here's your chance to admire Ruby Keeler again, in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

★
KAY FRANCIS
WINS LOVE OF
LYLE TALBOT
IN
WARNER BROS.
"MARY
STEVENS, M.D."

Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot meet again after many years and renew a childhood romance.

Lyle Talbot breaks a dinner engagement and Kay Francis' only response is a knowing smile.

Trying to forget, they find each other in the same hiding place and come to a true understanding.



Max Factor's
Make-Up used
exclusively

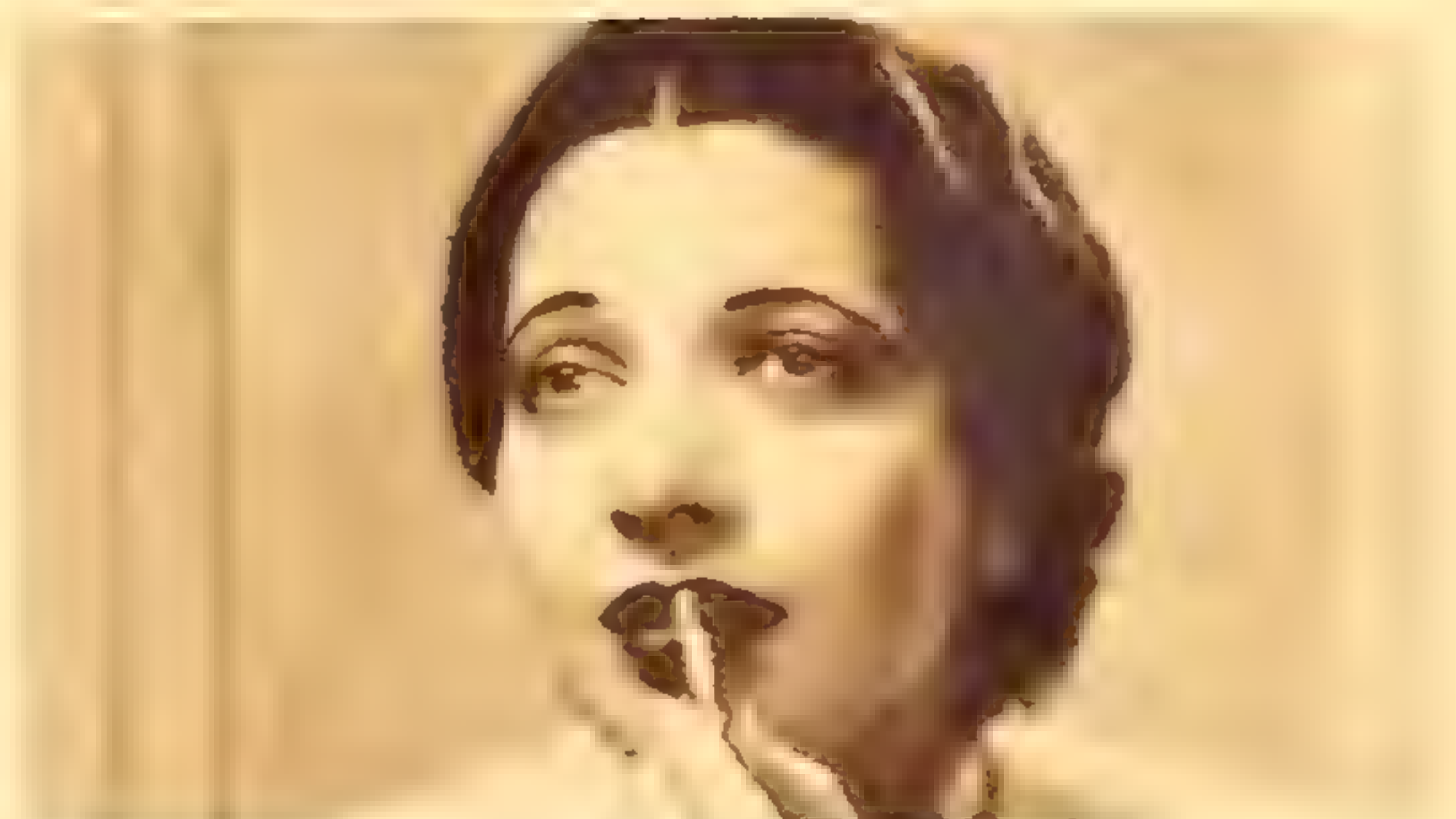
"Make-Up - My Secret for that Added Touch Called Glamour"

KAY FRANCIS

Star in Warner Bros. "MARY STEVENS, M.D."

"Glamour, whatever the dictionary may say, spells romance to me . . . and what more thrilling thought can there be than beauty inspired by romance. So in Hollywood, we study the art of make-up to gain that added touch called glamour . . . to give beauty a romantic appeal.

"To Hollywood's genius of make-up much credit is due . . . for Max Factor has given the artist's touch to make-up by creating powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony, so that one may really express personality with make-up, which after all is another definition for glamour."



1. "For a color harmony make-up to blend with my colorings . . . black hair, brown eyes and olive skin . . . Max Factor's Olive Face Powder is correct. I pat it on generously and remove surplus with the face powder brush. Just right in weight and texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that you positively know will cling for hours."

2. "Extremely lifelike in color . . . Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge is the harmonizing shade. Soft and smooth in texture, it is easy to blend evenly and it always clings perfectly. Carry just a bit of color from the cheekbone to the outer corner of the eye, blending carefully so that your rouge appears like a glow of natural color."

3. "For lip make-up to last all day and remain uniform in color . . . Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick. It's moisture-proof . . . so for perfect lip make-up, apply it to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips. The Crimson shade completes the color harmony ensemble and its lifelike color gives just the proper accent."

THE LUXURY of color harmony make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by Hollywood's make-up genius, now available to you at nominal prices . . . Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar; featured by leading stores. For your own individual color harmony make-up chart, fill in coupon carefully and mail to Max Factor, Hollywood.

© 1933 Max Factor

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP
Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder . . . Rouge . . . Super-Indelible Lipstick . . . in Color Harmony

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

★Purse-Size Box of Powder...FREE

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.

WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade. Fill in the chart below with a ✓

NAME	COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
ADDRESS	Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDES
CITY	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
STATE	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTES
	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTES
	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEADS
	Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
	Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	



Photographed in the Arctic for M-G-M

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month



Robinson in his newest rôle—that of Bugs Ahearn, a racketeer with social ambitions, in *"The Little Giant,"* with Helen Vinson. Below, center, as a tough customer in *"The Night Ride,"* one of his earlier films.

Above, one of the numerous character parts which Eddie played for the New York Theatre Guild. He was Diaz in *"Juarez and Maximillian."*

In *"The Brothers Karamazov"* our hero was called upon to play a half-mad Russian youth. He made the part one more step to greatness.



Above, as Reb Feivel in *"Goat Song,"* another Theatre Guild success. Robinson's long list of varying racial rôles makes him a true internationalist.

And here's the most famous of Eddie's stage characterizations—*"The Kibitzer."* After his success in this play the movies claimed him.

Robinson Arrives!

Concluding the remarkable story of a great trouper's triumph

By
Ida Zeitlin

LIKE practically every able-bodied man of about his own age, Eddie Robinson found his career interrupted by the World War. And like every thoughtful-minded person of any age, Eddie Robinson didn't believe in war.

His normally agreeable expression took on a shade of grimness as he talked about it.

"I was a pacifist," he said. "I didn't believe war was the way to settle anything. And when I signed up for the army, I declared myself against the idea of war. But," he went on, his face clouding, "I was carried away like a million others. Though I didn't believe in war, I did believe in Woodrow Wilson—he was a god to me—and when he started talking about fighting for an ideal—war to end war and all the rest of it—I decided that if

this war was good enough for Wilson, it was good enough for me, and without waiting for the draft I signed up."

Even here Robinson was influenced by his ruling passion. War or no war, he couldn't get the theatre out of his blood. He was a character actor. Why not join the Secret Service and put his dramatic ability to work for the government instead of his own pocket?

"I had a smattering of languages," he explained, "and the kind of face that might have passed for a Latin's or a Slav's or a Central European's. Only thing I didn't look like was a Nordic. But I thought my English might get me by on that."

Armed with credentials from erstwhile teachers and managers, he applied for a job (Continued on page 72)

Taming Temperamental Skins

"SKINS are temperamental," I said the other day at a tea. Every woman within earshot nodded vigorously, put her tea-cup (?) down with a click and dashed over to hear more. Immediately I was surrounded. Imagine it! It seemed to me a harmless little remark yet it was evidently a pronouncement of important woes that clamored for solution.

I looked apologetically at my hostess and murmured, "I'm sorry. It slipped!" I explained: "I'm sorry I said skins are temperamental. Look what I've done to your tea-party!" She waved the tea-party aside with a small, impatient gesture. She wore the same anxious, questioning look the other women had. "Of course, skins are temperamental," she said, "but *what*, oh *what* does one do about it? Now *my* skin—!" But her voice was drowned in the general babble. They were all telling their particular complexion eccentricities. No one listened.

As you have guessed by now, I spent the rest of the afternoon talking about different types of skins, and this is what I said, at least, some of it.

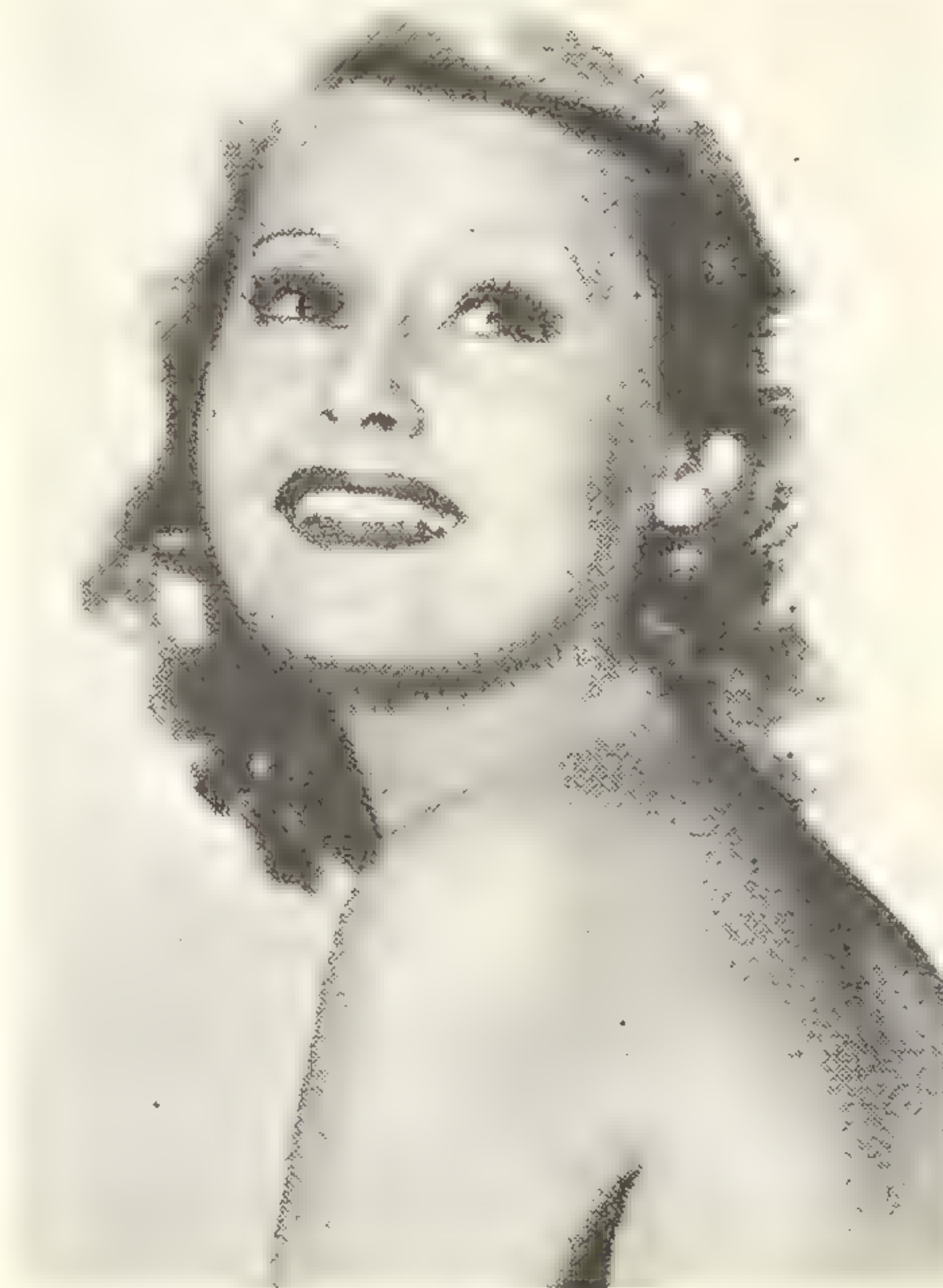
Skins are like people; energetic, lazy, bright, dull, refined, coarse, etc. They are not necessarily like the people who own them, yet they do reveal much of the individual's habits. All of them know the boon of make-up. Yet the woman who depends entirely on make-up to gain a nice effect is apt to develop a good-sized inferiority complex.

A fresh, fine skin not only provides the best make-up base, but it helps one's assurance at all times. It isn't easy to attain, but it is entirely possible and it is worth fighting for if necessary. Many a woman whose features leave much to be desired is sailing triumphantly through life by virtue of a good skin.

A fine, satiny texture reminiscent of a gardenia petal draws more admiring attention than a beautiful profile. It makes even a child want to draw near and perhaps touch its loveliness. Grown people are supposed to restrain this impulse! But it is true that the desire to touch any beautiful surface is fundamentally human. It is said that the high-caste Chinese carry little ornaments of carved and polished ivory or jade just for the delight



Madge Evans' immaculate skin seems to have a clean aliveness that radiates well-being. It seems to say, "Madge and I are in the best of condition, thank you!" Madge's medium coloring calls for cherry-red rouge and a true peach powder.



If you are fortunate enough to be like Lilian Harvey, you know all the advantages of exquisite coloring. Since powders are warmer in tone than formerly you should use a light peach powder.

of feeling the exquisite smoothness of their touch. The eye rests with equal pleasure on lovely surfaces. Speaking of ivory, doesn't it make you think of little Sylvia Sydney's beautiful skin? In contrast with her black hair, it is both poetic and refreshing.

This year there seems to be an urge to have everything, including your piqué evening coat, look freshly laundered. Faces must try to attain the glow of having been freshly scrubbed. Madge Evans' immaculate skin seems to have this clean aliveness that radiates well-being. It seems to say, "Madge and I are in the best of condition, thank you!" And now, since soaps may be had to match your dry, oily, or normal skin you, too, may attain the "laundered look."

If you could see your skin under a microscope you would be surprised—and not a little dismayed. But, fortunately for you, no matter what the trouble is, there



Karen Morley's skin is, perhaps, more like that of the average modern woman, with little color in it and requiring careful study to harmonize it with gowns and occasions. The creamy tones of powder blend best with this type of skin.

Beautiful Sylvia Sidney's ivory skin, in contrast with her black hair, is both poetic and refreshing. Sylvia is a dusky beauty and her skin demands an ivory powder and a vivid carmine rouge.

is a remedy. Of course, there are different opinions in different salons. You may find the one that suits you for a while only to discover that your skin is temperamental and wants a change, a rest—perhaps a vacation. For skins are like people.

One very expensive treatment by an imported authority who appears seasonally on Fifth Avenue, is given with certain powders instead of creams. This expert's theory is that the skin should be made to produce just a normal amount of oil. She claims that when the skin is exercised to normalcy youth remains in it.

Just across the way, you are told by a convincingly earnest operator that water and water alone is your skin's salvation. You are asked to remember the skins of women who live in damp climates like England. (And of course, you instantly think of Lilian Harvey's smooth, fair skin. Its transparency and almost invisible pores

Hollywood beauties share their skin secrets to see you through the summer

By
Margery Wilson

seem a remote ideal for most of us. But don't get discouraged. I have seen some heartening changes in skins.) You are tilted back in a chair, protected by rubber cap and bib while water is sprayed over your face and neck until you are clean, stimulated, pink and firm.

In other places you are smoothed and soothed in richest creams. All manner of logical, yet conflicting theories are propounded. The truth of the matter is that all of these different practices get interesting and splendid results with different skins that need them. For as I said before, "skins are temperamental."

Now just a word or two about make-up. If you are fortunate enough to be like Lilian Harvey, you know all about the advantages of exquisite natural coloring. With just enough make-up you may achieve the effect of translucence that is dainty and exquisitely feminine. Since powders are warmer in tone than formerly you should use a light peach powder and a light cherry rouge.

Madge Evan's medium coloring calls for cherry-red rouge and a true peach powder. The ivory pallor of Sylvia Sydney demands an ivory powder and a true, vivid carmine rouge.

Karen Morley's skin is, perhaps, more like that of the average modern woman, with little color in it and requiring careful study to harmonize it with gowns and occasions. The dreamy tones of powder blend best with this type of skin and the rouge can reflect or complement the tones

of her costume. For instance, with navy blue a rouge that has a bit of blue in it making it slightly on the purplish hue, looks divinely natural. This is also the best rouge for anyone with a faintly bluish undertone to the skin. For general use, the rouge that reflects the skin's undertone is the one that can safely be worn in broad day-light without looking artificial.

Study your skin in various lights to determine your basic undertone. Look at it in bright sun light, in a bright light without sun, in a subdued shadowy light, and in electric lights before you select your rouge.



SCREENLAND'S



Acme

Joan Crawford inspired the broad-shoulder vogue, and now she sponsors the "gloves-to-match-your-costume" idea! Joan says you'll be simply too, too out of things if you don't follow this mode of the moment.

Trust Gloria Swanson to introduce new and bizarre costume jewelry. Gloria's earrings and bracelet are a combination of crystal, silver, and onyx, and she endorses them for your "special" frock. Just the thing, says La Swanson, for that added touch of charm. And note that Gloria concurs in the polka-dot craze.



And to emphasize this fact, we show you Helen Twelvetrees wearing a pair of gingham blue and white striped gloves that match her blouse. Helen is wearing a high hat these days—but only for fashion reasons! Note the huge bow on her chapeau.

Glamor School



Let's look into Benita Hume's dressing room, above. We find her "rolling her own"—stockings, of course! Incidentally, have you heard about the newest in round garters? It's a new wrinkle to end all wrinkles in your stockings. The garter is worn under the stocking, the top of which is folded inward over the garter, thus locking it. Right, Benita demonstrates the side-garter version. The important thing is to keep your stocking seams straight, is Benita's earnest advice to girls! How do you like the decorative ideas in Miss Hume's boudoir? See the round mirror, the shelves for perfume, and the pleated skirt of the dressing-table.



Attention, You Glamor-Grabbers! Study these Charm Suggestions



We don't know which type garter Benita is wearing, above, but the result is eminently satisfactory. Make note of the fact that Miss Hume is a piqué fancier—her cuffs and tiny bow on her hat are of that fabric. That's Cary Grant being realistically attentive for a scene in "Gambling Ship."

SCREENLAND'S



The beach silhouette of the moment is displayed by Helen Twelvetees. A little dash of Scotch—plaid—and you'll be the life of any out-door party. Helen's blouse has huge puff sleeves and buttons down the front; with this she wears white linen slacks, and a sun hat of leghorn with a chin band.

Inspired by those "Alice in Wonderland" bandeaus, Adrienne Ames simplifies the idea by wearing a little girl ribbon. It's quaint, says Adrienne, and very practical, and keeps all those short ends "under control."



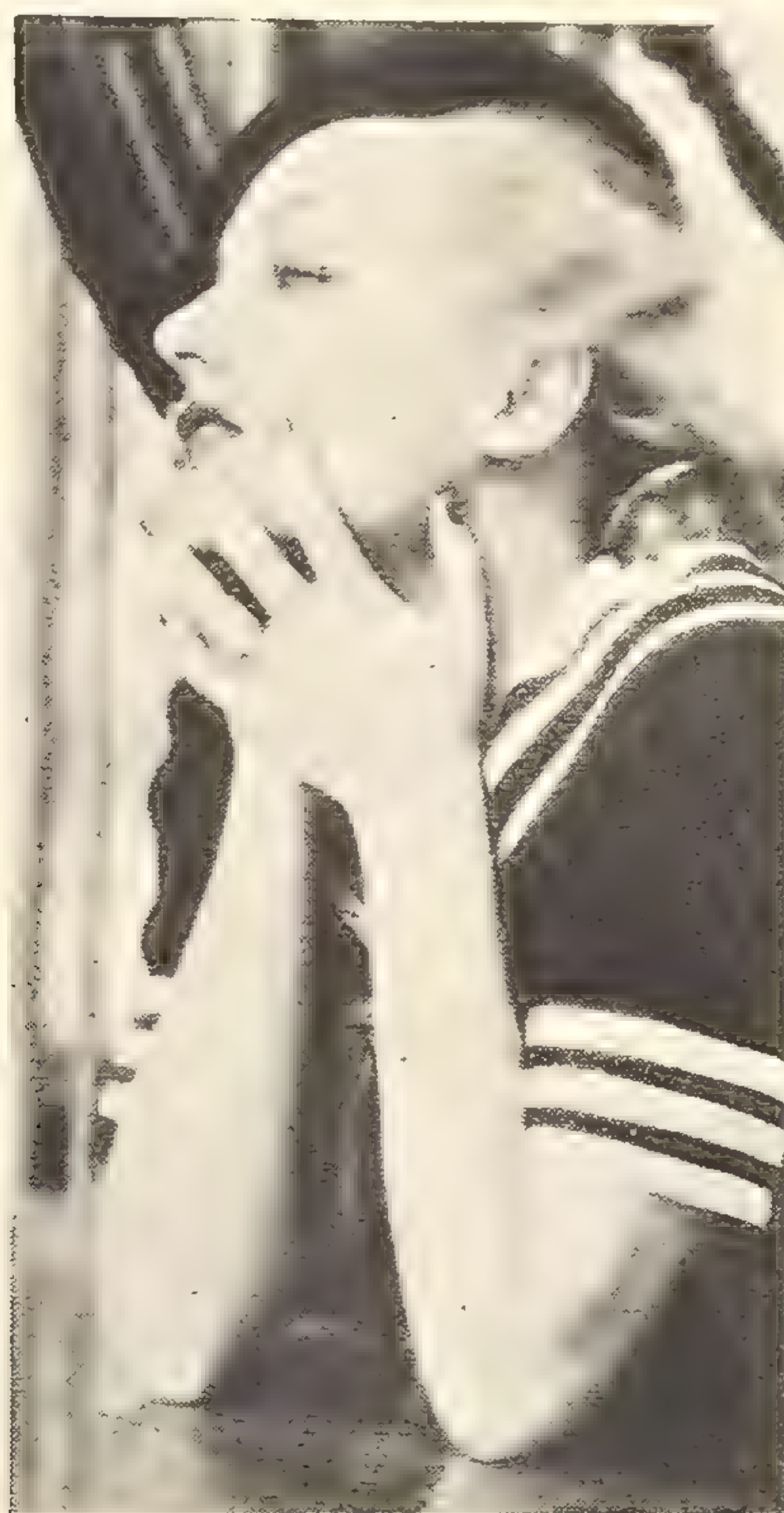
Don't confine your polka dots to sports clothes and bathing-suits, advises Ann Dvorak; they're stunning for evening! Ann's black and white gown has a high neckline with a white lace yoke. Absolutely no jewelry with this frock, says Ann; it's decorative enough as it is.



Ideas in Charm and Clothes—To You from Hollywood's "Know" Girls!

Glamor School

Ring in the ringlets, says lovely Doris Kenyon. Doris' new coiffure is a mass of soft curls. Perfect hair grooming is the foundation of glamor, she tells us. So follow Miss Kenyon's advice and keep your hair healthy.



Keep your nails in trim, counsels Carole Lombard, especially if you are a "summer-girl" who goes in heavily for out-door sports that are rough on both hands and nails. So carry your manicure kit with you always.



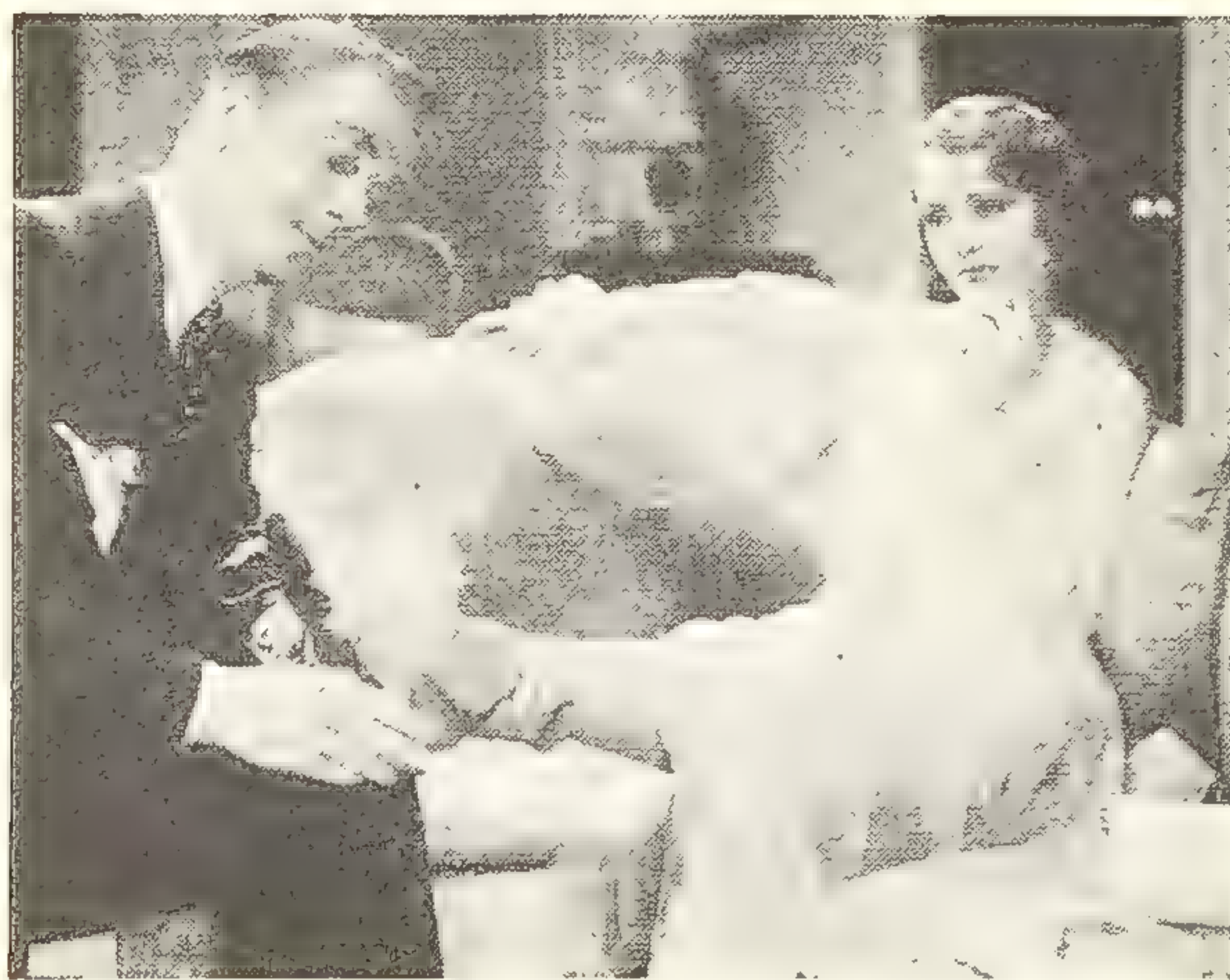
You didn't expect to find the back of Ann Dvorak's gown so very daring, did you? The back-crossed straps form a "Y" which ends in a row of flat bows. Ann's gown is smartly simple in front, with interesting details confined to the back.



A study in black and white ruchings! The sleeves of Helen's gown form an extremely wide shoulder line, and the lower half of the skirt is a swirl of black ruchings. Swish! You and your sister may find it a bit exaggerated for practical use; but it's such a flattering affair, and can be modified to meet individual tastes. Helen wears this gown in "Disgraced."

SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

The
Nuisance
M-G-M



It's no secret to readers of this department that each new Lee Tracy film is "the best Tracy has ever made." I know. It's true. I am a Tracy addict and everything he does is superlative to me. But I really think that this new one of his IS his best, and you can take it or leave it, but I'd advise you to take it, for "The Nuisance" is elegant entertainment. It's a rare and rowdy melodramatic comedy about an ambulance-chaser—a trick lawyer who handles accident cases in his inimitable way. And until you have seen Tracy in action you have no idea how funny this morbid idea can be. It sounds terrible; actually, on the screen it is a laugh riot. Tracy is surrounded by a perfect cast: Frank Morgan is priceless as a prop doctor; Madge Evans is simply charming as the girl who very nearly wrecks our hero's questionable career; and Charles Butterworth has some excruciating moments. Recommended to the uninhibited as grand fun. Must see!

REVIEWS

of the

Best

Pictures

By

Delight Evans

Gold
Diggers
of 1933
Warners



What entertainment *this* is! If you enjoyed "42nd. Street"—as who didn't?—you'll have an even better time at "Gold Diggers of 1933." It's a super-show. In fact, it's so big, so brilliant, so packed with human interest and pulchritudinous appeal and glittering ensembles, you'll have to attend more than once to be able to say that you really *have* seen it. Yes, I hate to say it, but it's colossal—easily. There's much of that gay, eager, ingenuous quality that made "42nd. St." the smash musical of all time; and there's an even more impressive cast; and there's one number that eclipses, absolutely, anything yet shown in screen revues: *Pettin' in the Park*. Ruby Keeler repeats her dazzling and disarming personal triumph. Joan Blondell blazes. Aline McMahon was never more amusing. Warren William lends dignity; and Dick Powell comes into his own as the new "personality boy" of pictures. Dick is on his blithe way to stardom.

The
Warrior's
Husband
Fox



Here's a picture for you jaded movie-goers who are always complaining that movies are all alike. You've never seen anything like "The Warrior's Husband"! From the stage play of the same name—and a long way from, according to some critics—that same stage play in which Katharine Hepburn made her Broadway hit—this film is a lavish, sumptuous, and at the same time completely rowdy comedy with a stunning cast. Consider Elissa Landi, looking perfectly gorgeous in her fantastic trappings of an undefeated Amazon; Marjorie Rambeau, as Queen of the wild gals, handsome as ever, and even more amusing; Ernest Truex with curly whiskers and his inimitable comedy manner; David Manners, extremely personable as a victorious Greek; and hundreds of decorative Amazons in fine fighting trim; and then add racy modern dialogue, and you'll have some idea. La Landi is warmly human and delightful. Fun for adult film patrons.

You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

Extra Review

of "Pilgrimage"

Fox



The screen has been busy glorifying pretty nearly everything and everybody, from prize babies to presidents. Now it undertakes to glorify America's Gold-Star Mothers, and succeeds handsomely. "Pilgrimage" is a picture of, for, and about mothers. The younger generation had better go to see "The Warrior's Husband" instead. The pathos of mothers who lost their sons in the world war, and their pathetic journey to their graves, is scarcely the sort of screen fare to lure youngsters from the beaches. But how the oldsters will love it! The story concerns a farm woman whose fierce love for her son makes her give him up to the war rather than to the girl he loves. He never returns. The mother joins the gold-star pilgrimage to France and over there she atones for the wrong she had done her son by helping another boy find happiness. Henrietta Crosman has the principal rôle; Norman Foster and Marion Nixon are excellent, and a glimpse of Heather Angel makes me look forward to seeing this English girl in a real part.



Adorable
Fox



And if you think that there aren't whispers of "Adorable!" in the audience all through the showing of this screen operetta, you're crazy. Oh, so you heard them, too? Then will those cynical little boys and girls back there please stop making fun of the title? It's "Adorable," all right, and if you don't like it, then think of a better title for a Janet Gaynor picture. This cream-puff romance is an exquisite production, perfect setting for Janet's daintiness, and a promising American screen début for Henry Garat. Janet plays a queen in love with a dashing lieutenant. She proceeds to promote him to captain, to major, to lieutenant-colonel, to general, and finally makes him a prince, while democratic American audiences cheer. There are overtones of "Congress Dances," with poignant memories of La Belle Harvey, whose European leading man Garat was. But "Adorable" will win its own audience from the legion of Gaynor lovers.



The Big Cage
Universal



Peg O' My
Heart
M-G-M



The family film of the summer season! I congratulate Universal on being the one movie company to recognize the tremendous appeal of a circus picture starring Clyde Beatty, the American small boy's hero. Here's a refreshing novelty and a relief to worried parents who, when Junior and Sis want to go to the movies, have to put the neighborhood theatre manager through the third degree to find out if the current screen attraction is suitable juvenile fare. Clyde Beatty's sensational lion-tiger act is even more thrilling when seen on the screen than under the big top. You can hear Beatty whistle his commands; you can see the huge cats close-up. Beatty himself is an ingratiating, natural personality. Not too much plot; humor by Andy Devine and Vince Barnett; romance by Anita Page and Wallace Ford; and those marvelous "lines and taggers." Beatty puts his savage "pets" through their paces with unbelievably beautiful precision.



Feel one of those quaint, sweet, old-fashioned moods coming on? Then here is just the movie for you. It's quaint, it's sweet, it's old-fashioned. Peg is one of those perennials, those little girls of stage, screen, and fiction who never, never grow up. And that's all right, because Peg has lots of admirers who wouldn't want her to be like these hard, modern women. Marion Davies, undoubtedly, plays the Peg parts better than any other actress; she is very charming as the Irish heroine whose inheritance of a huge fortune fails to change her brogue or her heart of gold. I liked best the parts of the film in which Miss Davies is permitted to be gay and funny, until the plot rears its horrid head and spoils her fun, and mine. You'll be asking for more of Onslow (Ronald Colman II.) Stevens, who is thoroughly charming in the worst leading man's rôle of the year. Irene Browne, remembered from "Cavalcade," is most amusing as a doughty dowager.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films



With that Chevalier-like gusto, and a glamor all his own, Henry threatens to set a new high for romantic gayety in films. His greatest ambition was to act in a picture with Janet Gaynor—and here they are in "Adorable"! Lucky "Hank"; lucky Janet!

He's Just Cray-zee About Us!

Enter Henry Garat, bringing a new kind of Parisian charm to Hollywood

By David Ewen

ANOTHER star from the French music-halls has spanned the distance from the city of the Eiffel Tower to Hollywood. He, too, comes here with a gay smile, an infectious personality, a twinkle in his eyes and a delightful accent. The last star from the French music-halls has become something of an idol to the movie-public—I mean, of course, Maurice Chevalier. What about the new importation? Will he be destined to supplant the gay Maurice? Has gay Maurice found his successor, at last?

There is a very interesting parallel between Maurice Chevalier and the new French importation, Henri—Henry to us!—Garat. Both spring from the Paris streets, breathed Paris air, and express Paris in everything they do. Both made their greatest success in the French music-halls. Both reached their heights singing with the incomparable Mistinguette, the star of the French music-stage. Both have the same manner of "putting over" a song. I remember when, last year, I saw Garat in Paris singing a typically Chevalier song—it was something

about "Oh tell me how to love you" or something like that) he used the same expression of the eyebrows, the same malicious chuckle, the same delicious smile to spice the song.

"I'm cray-zee about life!" Henry Garat says. "I'm cray-zee about America, its women, its life. I'm cray-zee to appear in your pic-tures! I'm simply—simply—*comme d'ites-vous?*—simply thrilled to be alive!"

There is about Garat the same sparkle and magnetism that make Maurice's personality so contagious.

"I'm cray-zee about my collection of Japanese fish; about my dog Blackie—a prize winner in London and Paris. I'm cray-zee about my horse, my parrots and monkey, and Siamese cat. My home in Paris is a regular—how do you call it here?—yes, a regular menagerie. I'm cray-zee about my home!"

Was Monsieur Garat aware of his similarity to his country-fellow, Maurice?

"Oh no—no—no!" Garat protested, pouting his lips in the Chevalier manner. "*C'est* (Continued on page 94)

Record Awards

from

Radio Girls!

Here's another chance to win a phonograph disc with that "personal note"—the artist's autograph

By

Evelyn Ballarine



Ruth Etting



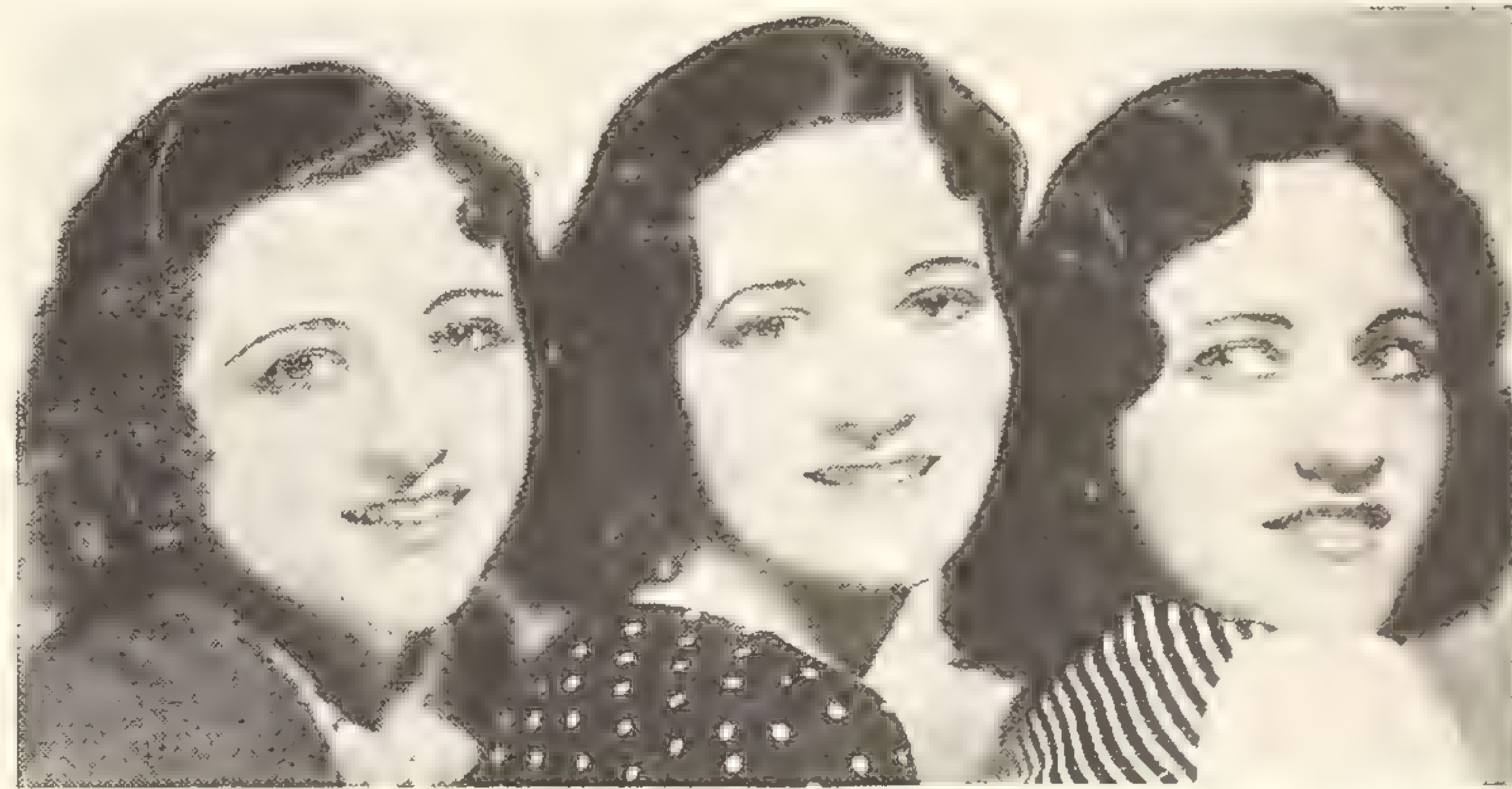
Kate Smith



The Pickens Sisters



Baby Rose Marie



The Boswell Sisters

AND now you folks who have been raving about the radio gals, here's *your* chance to win a phonograph record with that "personal note"—the artist's autograph!

Ruth Etting, Kate ("Hello, Everybody!") Smith, the Boswell Sisters, the Pickens Sisters, and little Baby Rose Marie want to present some champion letter-writers with *their* Brunswick and RCA-Victor autographed records. These charming radio gals want to sing some sunshine into your home!

Who can resist the torchy warbling of Ruth Etting (who, by the way, is rumored as Eddie Cantor's choice for his next feminine lead in his next film)? You'll be seeing Kate Smith and Baby Rose Marie in the movies, too—in "International House." The films are snagging all our radio girl friends.

Will you pick the Pickens Sisters or the Boswell Sisters for your

favorite harmony trio of the ether?

Now follow the rules of the contest and win the award!

Radio Jottings:

Harmon O. Nelson, Bette Davis' husband, is a crooner! Bette is his best audience—she accompanies him to the studio when he broadcasts.

Ilomay Bailey, who is starred in company with her husband, Lee Sims, the piano magician, on the Chase and Sanborn program tells a humorous story about herself. Some time ago she went to the Lee Sims School for Music, an institution in Chicago, to brush up on her technique. And, naturally, she met Lee. Her version of their romance is that she went to Lee and paid \$300 for lessons; didn't get one; and had to marry him to get her money back!

Don't (Continued on page 85)

RULES

For SCREENLAND'S Record Contest

1. Select your favorite singer from those mentioned herewith.
2. Write her a letter, not more than 150 words, telling her the reasons why you like her and, if you like, offer constructive criticism. The best letter written each artist will win the prize of her autographed record.
3. In case two letters are considered of equal excellence, the tying contestants will both receive prizes.
4. This contest will close at midnight on the 21st of July, 1933.
5. Address your letter to Radio Contest Editor, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Presenting Doug, Jr. *and*



It's "Back to Shakespeare" for these two young stars in an idyllic interlude from their new picture, "Morning Glory."

*"How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!"*

Could the immortal Bard, penning these lines, have imagined scenes of more lyric tenderness, more passionate beauty, than these between Katharine and Douglas? In his enactment of one of the greatest love stories of all time Doug displays a new and authentic fire, while Hepburn softens her emotional intensity with a gentle, yearning quality. These scenes from their co-starring picture present romance true, austere, and deeply moving.

*All photographs of
Katharine Hepburn
and Douglas Fair-
banks, Jr. by Ernest
A. Bachrach*



Hepburn *as* Romeo and Juliet



The daughter of the Capulets and the scion of the Montagues, soon to be parted by death, drown their grief in a final bruising kiss. In "Morning Glory," Katharine and Doug play the rôles of actors, performing this "play within a movie."

Before the final death scene. Juliet Hepburn smiles tenderly upon the lover whom she cannot marry, yet cannot bear to lose. And now, with two such attractive Shakespeareans to play the leads, let's hope for a full-length cinema "Romeo and Juliet."



Here's Hollywood!

THE month's best meritorious deed was done by lovely little Janet Gaynor, who probably would rather the matter not be written about.

In a very small town near Hollywood is a tiny theatre whose owner recently died. He left a widow and three little children who were entirely dependent upon that theatre for food and shelter. Despite the mother's greatest efforts the theatre was not earning money; residents of the town preferred driving to Hollywood for their movie-fare.

Janet heard of the sad condition and what did the little trouper do but go to the theatre-owner and volunteer a series of free personal appearances. The widow accepted the star's kind offer with tears in her eyes.

Not only did Miss Gaynor appear herself but she also persuaded several other film players to join her—I will not mention their names because the entire glory should belong to Janet.

As a result of the appearances the townspeople became aware of the widow's posi-

All about the stars—
their lives, their loves,
and their pictures

By
Weston East

tion and they flocked to her theatre. Now they have made her little showplace a regular habit and the grateful widow has presented Janet with a life-pass and her blessings.



Sweet Cookie! Here's three-year-old Bobby Cook, who competes with Clark Gable as the masculine appeal in "Hold Your Man," with Jean Harlow. Bobby, who plays the son of Jean and Clark, won the part because he has Jean's hair and eyes while his smile suggests that of his screen daddy.

CONTRARY to general reports, Greta Garbo has *not* signed a long-term contract with a Hollywood studio. She has agreed to do only two more pictures, and she is being paid a king's ransom for each.

Greta has informed certain Swedish friends that she will positively return to Europe, never again to come back to Hollywood, when her two pictures are completed.

ABSURD rumor kept Constance Bennett from enjoying a trip to Honolulu. The blonde star for some reason unknown to herself found her name linked with that of Gilbert Roland.

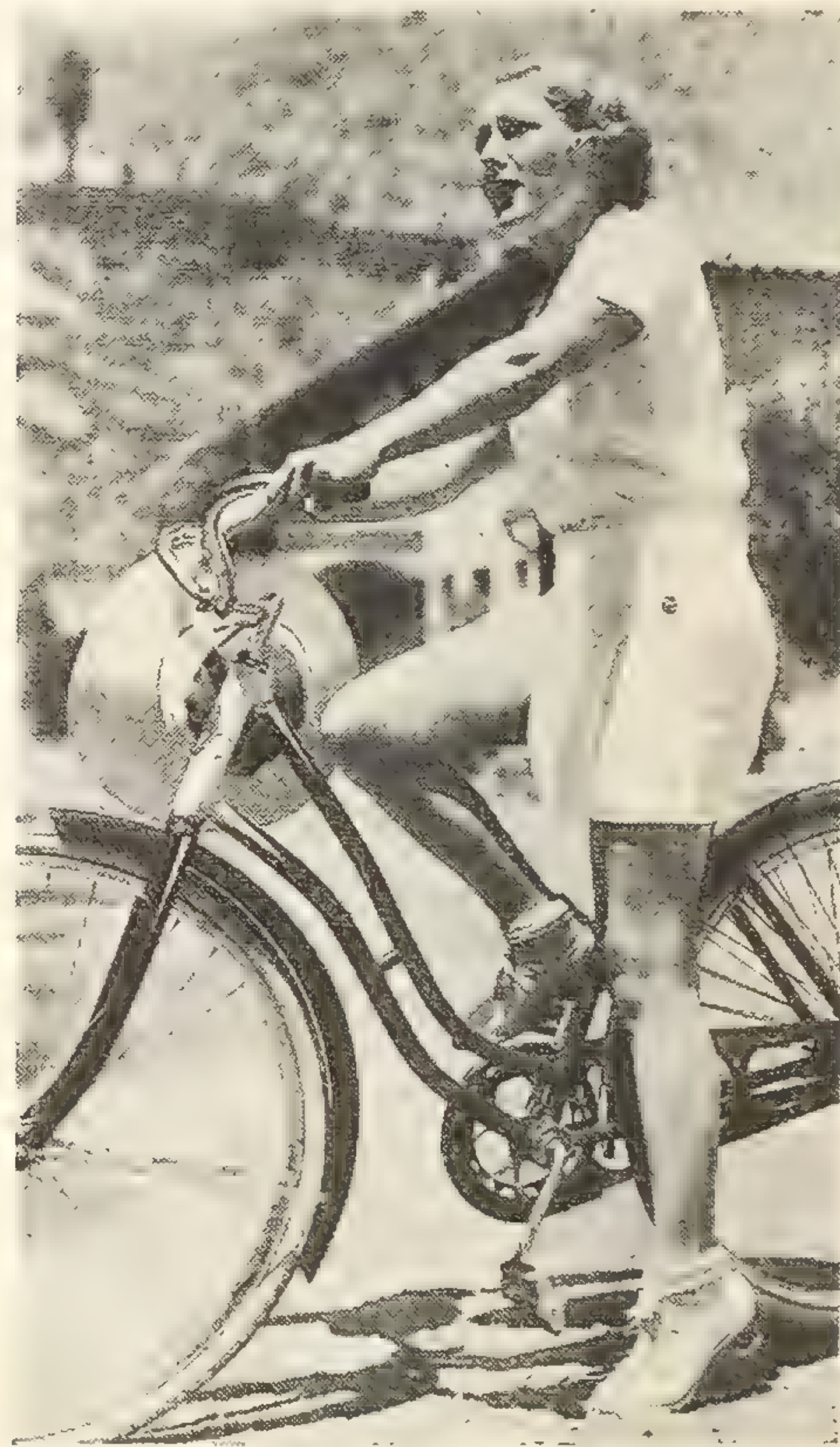
She had her bags packed and her tickets purchased for a flying between-pictures vacation in Hawaii when she learned that this actor was already sojourning on the island. For the sake of appearances she postponed her own trip.

JACK OAKIE sent a radio to Peggy Hopkins Joyce's dressing room at the studio. Peggy was highly pleased—until a bill followed the instrument. Whereupon she protested loud and long.

"For the luvamike!" luvamiked Oakie. "Ain't it enough that I went to all the trouble of picking it out for yuh?"

ALTHOUGH Marlene Dietrich has departed for Europe and has publicly declared herself finished with motion pictures, her fans need not fret.

Marlene will return to Hollywood in September, so she informed her dentist before her departure. More startling news: She has re-signed with Paramount for two pictures and Josef Von Sternberg will direct both.



Wide World

Ho for the open road! Mary Pickford was caught by the camera before starting on a bicycle ride at Palm Springs.

JOAN CRAWFORD sometimes does the *nicest* things! For instance she is always most gracious to her studio friends. She knows the birthday of every person who has played in her pictures, and on the proper dates she always sends flowers or suitable gifts.

May Robson was thrilled to receive a basket of flowers from Joan on her recent birthday, and Jackie Cooper is still raving about Miss Crawford's Easter present.

LAUGH, I thought I'd die! Katharine Hepburn bought a new set of studio overalls. Instead of buttons, her new work-pants featured a round-the-waist zipper.

Well, one morning the zipper stuck and there was Katty, tightly wrapped in her new panties while the company awaited her arrival on the set. She and her maid struggled to no avail. A studio wardrobe-matron tried her hand but the obstinate zipper refused to unzip.

The company supervisor meanwhile tore his hair over the costly delay. Finally he decided it would be cheaper to purchase new overalls for Miss Hepburn. With that solace the actress allowed the wardrobe woman to chop her out of the outfit with scissors.

CLARK GABLE gives up his entire lunch hour to boxing lessons . . . Fredric March has acted as judge of nine beauty contests this year . . . Diana Wynyard and George Bernard Shaw arrived in England on the same boat; out of twenty reporters at the dock, eighteen were there to interview the actress . . . Jack Oakie, chagrined about the proper pronunciation of the names of Marlene (Marlaynah) Dietrich and Sari (Sharee) Maritza, says his name is pronounced as though it were spelled "Jack Oakie" . . . Katharine Hepburn plays dawn tennis for her health . . . Joel McCrea lives at the beach and has not missed his morning dip, winter and summer, for two years . . . Zasu Pitts lost her tonsils to a doctor . . . Rudolf Valentino's old Isotta-Frascini limousine that cost \$25,000 twelve years ago is for sale for \$500 . . . Carlyle Blackwell, movie matinee idol last generation, may stage a comeback . . . John Boles' cook taught Lilian Harvey's cook how to make Southern apple dumplings—ummm! . . . Yes, sir and ma'am, Joan Crawford painted her own kitchen furniture . . . Life is now complete for Claudette Colbert; an Indiana dairy has named a champion cow after the star, and isn't there a gag in that somewhere?



Bride of the Lion Man! Buster Crabbe is about to carry his wife, the former Virginia Held, across his threshold according to the ancient tradition.

JEAN HARLOW is a typical "summer girl," in that every year she learns how to swim—and each year a handsome youth is her teacher.

This year Johnny Weissmuller is the lucky fellow. Jean has a wonderful pool on her new estate and there she and Johnny have spent many hours. Under his skillful guidance the platinum blonde is developing into a water-nymph; until next year when she'll have to be taught again!

THAT was a funny accident that happened to Franchot Tone. While he was working on a studio-built farmhouse set in "Stranger's Return," the actor remarked to visitors that the props looked so real that even the birds and bees were fooled.

"Look over there," said Tone, "at that humming bird trying to get honey from a prop rose."

So saying, Tone seized the rose to show his guests that it was a fake. But the humming bird was no fool—that one bush happened to be the real thing. Tone spent days pulling thorns from his palm.

WHEN Countess Zenardi-Landi, Elisa's mother, fell and bruised one knee, James Dunn commented: "Another victory for democracy; royalty has fallen again."



Times do change! The entire saga of an actress's rise to the heights is contained in these fascinating "before and after" pictures of Katharine Hepburn. Above, little "Katie" as an amateur in Bryn Mawr College theatricals, starring as Pandora in "Lady of the Moone," A. D. 1928. Left, La Hepburn today.



Attention, light-footed lads and ladies! Here's the new and tricky "Fraternity Stomp," demonstrated for you by Jack Oakie and Lona Andre, who dance it in "College Humor." 1. Starting position—skip apart, forward feet raised. 2. Cross feet, swinging bodies together. 3. Stamp heels, swing apart—repeat twice. 4. Swing bodies close—repeat with stamp. 5. Hop back, raising rear foot. 6. Bring raised foot to floor, swinging around. 7. Repeat stamp, bend both knees, then to first position. Now try it!

WILY woman, ever alert to fool foolish man! Was it by accident or was it mischievousness that caused Lilian Harvey to inform Gary Cooper and Gene Raymond, two persistent wooers, of her intention to visit Palm Springs?

At any rate, Gary and Gene leaped into their cars and raced to the resort. When they got there the hotel was bare—of Lilian. She had changed her mind and remained in Hollywood to house-hunt.

They do say that Cooper and Raymond were in the most unamiable of moods when they returned to town.

RICHARD ARLEN played strenuous football sequences for "College Humor" without mishap, then fell and sprained his wrist while running to the dressing rooms. . . . Bebe Daniels is starring in a picture for British International while she is abroad . . . Constance Bennett has a beach house beside the Pacific, but despite her dozen or more Atlantic crossings, Connie has never voyaged the greatest ocean . . . Ruth Chatterton bought a chateau in France; she will live there when her screen career is ended . . . Wynne Gibson has kissed only two men, Edmund Lowe and Gordon Westcott, during her three years as leading woman . . . Marlene Dietrich took 2000 personal photographs to Europe to distribute among her friends.



"Come across!" If you were one of the millions who "rolled in the aisles" at "Min and Bill," you'll welcome the news that Marie Dressler and Wally Beery will repeat in "Tugboat Annie."

HENCEFORTH Gloria Swanson will leave the cooking to her servants. Returning home from tennis and bringing Clive Brook, John McCormack, and other guests, Gloria retired to the kitchen personally to prepare some food. When she attempted to light the gas stove, there was an explosion. Fortunately no one was injured—but no more cooking for Gloria, she vows.

JACK OAKIE bought a miniature vulcanizing apparatus and set himself up as official "fixer for punctured rubber bathing suits."

APPARENTLY the fellow who annoyed George Raft at the prize-fights had not read the star's life history, else he would have known that Raft was once a ring-artist himself, and a puncher of no mean ability.

At any rate, stadium officials had to pull George away from this opponent when the actor forcibly resented disparaging remarks directed at himself. The melee was brief, but because of the prominence of one of the contestants it received a noisy ovation from the crowd.

"YOU can lead a horse to water," Jimmie Durante wired his studio bosses, "but with beer back again you won't find me there."



Here's a trio of your favorites in interesting guise! Kay Francis, Walter Huston and Nils Asther go foreign as the three angles of a love triangle in "Strange Rhapsody".



"I'll bite," says Ken Murray, suiting the action to the word. This personable actor gets his first real part in "Disgraced"—and with no less a beauty than Helen Twelvetrees opposite!



A RADIO salesman, attempting to sell El Brendel a radio, mentioned that the instrument "reproduces beautifully."

"Yeah, but who wants a lot of little radios running around the house?" El yelled.

DOROTHEA WIECK hides her wedding ring in her shoe when she enacts her scenes . . . Daisy De Voe, Clara Bow's ex-secretary, is free after serving eighteen months in jail for embezzling money from the star . . . Mary Pickford will not produce "Alice in Wonderland" because one year would be required to draw the animated-cartoon backgrounds . . . Paramount studio keeps twelve human skeletons in stock. "Not counting those in studio closets," adds Andy Devine . . . Doris Hill (remember her as a lovely ingénue?) was secretly married last June . . . The Johnny Mack Brown family anticipates an addition to its cast in September; Johnny hopes for a boy . . . Director William Wellman has found divorce an expensive proposition; he has settled with three ex-wives for \$30,000, \$40,000 and \$45,000 . . . Jean Parker, M-G-M pretty-ette, received this autograph from a naval officer: "I have faced powder for thirty years, but never before on such a beautiful background" . . . Jack Oakie is given a full chapter in Peggy Hopkins Joyce's new book, "Trans-Atlantic Wife."



Joan gets a new leading man! The Bennett gal, who stars in "Arizona to Broadway," plays opposite "bad boy" Jimmy Dunn. How do you like James' snappy shirt and tie?

NOTHING more delights Jimmy Durante than to *stick* "the other fellow" with the luncheon bill. It is a habit with the comedian, who is really big-hearted but likes to fumble restaurant checks.

A story about Durante's distaste for spending money comes from one of his business associates. This chap said to the comedian, "You must buy yourself some good clothes, now that you're among the big shots."

"Whatcha mean, good clothes!" screamed Durante. "Ain't I just went to (he named a well-known \$25-a-suit store) and bought six suits less'n a year ago?"

Meanwhile, Durante's father refuses to give up his barber shop, even though his son is famous and wealthy. When Jimmy is in New York he never permits another barber to touch his hair.

LEW AYRES' two hobbies are astrology and modeling in clay. Of late he has been more interested in the latter fad; at least, he was until a few days ago.

Lew busied himself on a gargoyle-like figure, and after days of tedious carving and patting, he achieved an astounding result. Whereupon he leaped into his automobile and raced to gather friends to witness his artistry. Alas, Lew forgot to pull down his window shade, and during his absence the hot sun struck his oil-clay model and melted it to a messy wad!



And here's the first still from "Double Harness," featuring an interesting new acting combination—Ann Harding and Bill Powell. Bill offers Ann a cocktail with his usual suavity.



Sylvia Sidney, as Jennie, is supported by Greta Meyer and Gilda Storm in this scene from Theodore Dreiser's "Jennie Gerhardt." Thundering Theodore thinks he's going to like it!

Looks like a real sea-going scene — but Oh, that overhead "mike"! At the right we have a scene in the making from "Bed of Roses," with Connie Bennett and Joel McCrea — and it's all done in the studio; water, tugboat and all. Below, Connie does some naughty nautical vamping in Joel's quarters.



HARPO MARX re-marx: "The new rubber bathing suits are doing their duty—they're making men rubber" . . . One-word description of Mae West; "Curvacious" . . . Clark Gable plans to hunt grizzly bears when the new season opens . . . Fay Wray, so-called ping-pong champ of Hollywood, was eliminated the first day during the recent movie tournament . . . Glenda Farrell, who played the woman who didn't want her baby in "Life Begins," has a nine-year-old son in military academy . . . Lilian Harvey eats two desserts after almost every midday and evening meal but she weighs only 94 pounds! . . . Janet Gaynor presented Henry Garat with a birthday cake which she baked herself . . . Irene Dunne has practiced singing one hour daily for six years . . . Victor Jory went bike riding and returned with two flat tires; collided with a porcupine, he explained . . . Did you know that Jack La Rue once played Mae West's Latin lover in the stage play, "Diamond Lil"? . . . Carole Lombard hates pies; she was once a Mack Sennett comedienne . . . Because James Dunn gains weight quickly, Fox entered a clause in his contract that forbids him to get fat.



Wide World

Al Jolson, famous singing star, points out the sights to Ruby Keeler, his no less famous wife, as they sail into San Francisco Bay on the return voyage from a Honolulu vacation. They came on to New York later.



The Mississippi River tugboat in this startling indoor navigation scene is correct to the last halyard, except for that tell-tale microphone, which of course won't be visible on the screen. Below, Connie the siren tells John Halliday a thing or twenty in a morning-after scene. It's one of Connie's big moments.



Another celebrated vacationist at Palm Springs—Janet Gaynor, with her mother, Mrs. Laura Gaynor. Perhaps you never associated Janet with the idea of lovely legs—but just see! Isn't she—yes!—"Adorable"?

Wide World

YOU read scandal about the stars and if you are wise you know that not half of it can possibly be true. Well, here is how gossip starts:

An out-of-town newspaper reporter witnessed William Powell enter an apartment house with a sack of groceries under his arm. The reporter knew that Powell lived with his wife in Beverly Hills. He put two and two together and got *nine*—he decided Bill was visiting another woman.

The funny part of this story is that the reporter was correct. Powell *was* visiting another woman—his mother, who often cooks her boy the old-fashioned dinners he relishes.

LORETTA YOUNG was lamenting the fact that the studios have never been satisfied with her as nature made her.

"When I first entered the movies," wailed Loretta, "they padded my figure to make me look older. Now that I have grown up, they dress me and arrange my hair to make me look like a child again."



Look out, Jimmy! Cagney gets gay with Madge Evans in "The Mayor of Hell." Judging from her look, he's going to get a Cagneyesque wallop!



Lionel Barrymore, who loves spinach, reverts to one of his familiar be-whiskered rôles in "Stranger's Return." Here he is in church with Miriam Hopkins.

LOVES AND UNLOVES:

MARY BRIAN and Dick Powell may wed, Joan Crawford has divorced Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Mae West denies that she is married to James A. Timony, her manager. These are the highlights of Dan Cupid's romance-report for the month. In addition, we have:

Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien, both of whom have been away from Hollywood for months, have renewed their romance where they left off.

Fay (Mrs. Rudy Vallee) Webb is being taken places by Nick Grinde, director. Ivan Lebedeff's dark handsomeness is making an attractive contrast to Claire Trevor's blonde loveliness. Cecelia Parker and Noah Beery, Jr., continue to sail along smoothly—Hollywood's most ardent young-love.

Billie Dove, after being wooed by Howard Hughes, eloped with Robert Kenaston, society favorite. A smouldering affair has commenced with Alice White and John Warburton playing the embers. Lola Lane, Lew Ayres' ex-, is finding more than pleasure in the company of Herbert Somborn, owner of the Brown Derby restaurants.

Russ Columbo, radio crooner, is chasing madly after Estelle Taylor, while in New York Jack Dempsey is escorting Hannah Williams, Columbo's ex-flame. A local fortune-teller, delving into the possibilities of the Ann Harding-Alexander Kirkland romance, reports that the gentleman will wed this year or next.

Sensation! Katharine Hepburn and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., seem to enjoy each other's company more than a little. Reports are that Henry Garat and his wife had a possibly serious family spat en route to Paris. And reports of further serious difficulties between Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver make the continuance of their marriage more problematical than ever.

Loretta Young, dining with Bruce Cabot often, says she is merely substituting for sister Sally Blane who is abroad. Madge Evans simply can't be seen with Tom Gallery and not hear engagement rumors. George Raft plays the field but his favorite is Marjorie King.

James Murray and Marian Sayers were uncertain of the status of their Mexican marriage, so they did it again, American way. Ruth Elder eloped with Arnold Gillespie for her third marriage, and she's still a young girl. Shades of Peggy Hopkins Joyce!

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart have definitely done their fadeout scene and are occupying separate apartments. Ditto Inez Courtney, who won a divorce because her husband stayed out nights.

Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres are doing their love clinches before and behind the cameras. They do say that Lila Lee is secretly married to director George Hill. Doris Kenyon became a June bride, Arthur Hopkins, affluent business man, being the fortunate groom.

And setting at rest all rumors concerning the Lawrence Tibbetts, that singing star's wife expects an addition to the family cast in August.



"Drum Major" Lilian Harvey, in a between-scenes interlude on the set, swaps gossip with the blond and genial Gene Raymond. Isn't Lil lovely in this bizarre dancing costume!

PERHAPS movie fights between men are faked, but the battle between Jean Harlow and Dorothy Burgess for "Hold Your Man" was the real thing.

Jean delivered a right to Dorothy's chin that landed with an unmistakable smack. Miss Burgess did not need to fake her foldup; she was actually knocked cold.

And I wonder what all these young bachelors with their eyes upon the charming Harlow-widow think of that!

JOBYNA RALSTON ARLEN'S addition to her family cast is a fine baby boy—eight and one-half pounds at birth. Soon after its arrival papa Richard wired Bing Crosby: "Joby did right by me; it's a boy. Now it's up to Dixie to give the world a new crooner."

GRETA GARBO caused a sensation when she visited the Paramount studio to pre-view Marlene Dietrich's new picture.

VALE Ernest Torrence! He made his exit, like the splendid trouper that he was, giving one of the best performances of his career in "I Cover the Waterfront." There's a strangely moving and prophetic episode early in the film when Ben Lyon says to Torrence: "I know how the story will end—I'll write your obituary." And he does—a tribute to a man whose inner goodness shone through an outer shell of harshness. Drama within drama!

One of the best-liked actors ever known to Hollywood, Torrence's passing will be a permanent loss to the life of the film colony.

JUNE COLLYER declares that her husband, Stuart Erwin, is like a big boy—and there is a reason for June's sentiments.

Not long ago Mrs. Erwin bought Stuart a new camera, one of those candid cameras that sometimes take un-candied portraits. Stu was so delighted that he used the first twenty rolls of film snapping pictures of his wife and baby. Now he is doing as the late Lon Chaney did—he is shooting Hollywood stars and he will compile a personal album that will never leave his possession.

ESTELLE TAYLOR'S \$150,000 suit against an insurance company for injuries received in an automobile wreck was won by her. She was awarded \$20,000.

At first glance that seems to be considerable money, but Estelle actually received very little of the sum. Her physicians were

paid \$11,000 and her attorneys received twenty-five percent plus \$1,000, or \$6,000.

So, although she was the injured party and spent about eight months in bed with a broken neck, Miss Taylor's actual judgment amounted to only \$3,000.

(Continued on page 98)



You may not believe it, but the sweet, simple little girl at the left is none other than the dashing Katharine Hepburn, in "Morning Glory," her next picture, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Geneva Mitchell is the other girl.



Meet *Rhinestone Ruby*! Dorothy Granger plays her, with Tom Kennedy and Leslie Fenton as two of her willing slaves, in "She Outdone Him," a "Gay Nineties" comedy with that Mae-Western tang.



Jackie Cooper takes a close-up with his mother and his new stepfather, Charles Bigelow, of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow were married recently in Yuma, Ariz., like regular film headliners.

Robinson Arrives!

Continued from page 51

in the Secret Service and was told that his best chance of landing one was to join the Navy. So he joined.

He was sent to the Naval Training Camp at Pelham Bay and put through the regular course of drill. A good deal of his time was spent shoveling coal. Periodically he'd go to headquarters to inquire about the status of his application.

"Hasn't come through yet," he'd be told. "It's been O.K'd by such and such a department. After So-and-So's passed it, it'll have only—let's see—one—two—three—four more hurdles to take. Patience, my lad. The war isn't over yet."

Armistice Day found him with his comrades on the coal pile. "Shoveling arms," he said with a wry smile. Soon the clamor of the frenzied city began breaking around them. They heard the muffled din of bells and ship's sirens and factory whistles. Joy-crazed crowds streamed past the camp, in cars, in trucks, afoot, waving banners, hurling confetti, shouting and singing for a world released from horror, brothers to all men for a single day.

But Eddie Robinson was sitting in a corner, with his head on his arms, bawling his eyes out! He'd wanted to help save the world for democracy and now his chance was gone. He was out of it. He'd been shoveling coal for an ideal. He had no right to share in the general rejoicing. It was one of the most tragic experiences of his young life.

The proper ironic note was added when the regimental commander sent for him a few days later.

"If you're still interested," he said, "I think we can fix that Secret Service job for you now."

Robinson controlled himself. "No, thanks," he murmured politely. "The show's over."

"I got over it, though," he said.

Broadway was short of young actors just after the war, and Robinson found himself cast for the first and last time in his life as a juvenile.

"Nice, clean-cut American youth," he chuckled. "College boy at that. Had to make love and all the rest of it. I don't think I'd care for it as a regular thing, but I did get a kick out of it that once. Same kind of kick as I got later on, playing a Yankee in 'Ned McCobb's Daughter.' You see, I'd always been ticketed as a definite foreign type. Only time I was ever recognized as an American was when I went to Europe. But some accident dropped me into the Sidney Howard play, and I'll never forget the throb of honest pride at rehearsal one day when Howard called out: 'The only one who's got the New England dialect right is Eddie Robinson.' Greater compliment than if he'd called me the world's best *Hamlet*!"

Robinson's mounting success, his establishment as one of the most brilliant and versatile character actors in the profession, his long association with Arthur Hopkins and the Theatre Guild, his triumphs in such plays as "Samson and Delilah," Gorki's "Night's Lodging," "Androcles and the Lion," "The Deluge," are matters of theatrical record.

Life settled into pleasant lines. A winter of work—hard work, to be sure—three or four rôles a season more often than one—accompanied by the nervous and physical strain inseparable from life in the theatre—yet work that he loved and that brought him pleasure and profit in equal parts. Then, usually, a summer in Europe where, having conceived a passion for pictures, he haunted the art galleries. Then back in the fall to another juicy rôle, to the stage which was home and love and adventure rolled into one.

Meantime he was still living in the bosom of his family—with his father and mother and those of his brothers who had not yet married. That was a thing his parents took for granted—all well-regulated children, male or female, live with their parents till they marry. Naturally. And Eddie, being what is known as a "home boy"—undemonstrative Eddie, bound by

ties of the deepest affection to his people, had been taking it more or less for granted, too.

But one day, returning from Europe, he arrived quietly at another of his unalterable decisions. Time to set up bachelor quarters. He'd never marry. Wasn't the marrying kind. Liked his freedom too well. But he ought to have his own place. Entertain his friends—throw a party now and then—make room for his books—buy a good picture occasionally when he could afford it.

His father was hurt, his mother heart-broken. Wasn't he comfortable then? Did they interfere with his comings and goings?—they'd never intended to. Gently he tried to explain the point—that it wasn't a question of comfort or interference; that a grown-up man, with his own ideas and his own life to lead, ought, if he could afford it, to have a place of his own.

"If you were going to marry," his mother pleaded, "yes—I could understand it then. Maybe—maybe you have a girl, my son?"

"No girl," said Eddie, smiling into her bewildered eyes. "Only, I'm a big boy now, mom."

Whether or not his parents ever really understood, their son is not sure. But after the first shock and strangeness of the idea had been absorbed, they accepted the inevitable as they had done once before. Eddie had been right then. Eddie was probably right now.

So he set up his own establishment, and his family weren't alone in supposing there could be only one reason for such a step.

"Great!" laughed his friends, with congratulatory thumps on the shoulder. "Who's the girl, Eddie?"

"Laugh your fool heads off!" Eddie would rejoin placidly. "This is a bachelor apartment—now and forever."

Into the bachelor apartment strolled a girl one day with a friend of Robinson's—a lovely girl with vivid blue eyes and a sudden, heart-warming smile.

Mr. Robinson hesitated a moment as he told the story. Then, with that suggestion of small-boy shyness that sits so disarmingly upon him, he blurted out: "I fell in love at sight. But I couldn't believe she'd see anything in me."

At which point—believe it or not—history repeated itself! Into the room where Edward G. Robinson and I were talking walked Mrs. Robinson, carrying a small blue bundle—a bundle which resolved itself into an extremely lively baby, with his mother's blue eyes and the contours of his father's face, clad in a blue sweater and ridiculous panties to match, his diminutive arms waving vigorously, blue booties at the end of each sturdy bare leg flailing the air like a couple of animated robin's eggs. Mrs. Robinson deposited the bundle in the arms of her husband, who was promptly lost to the world.

"Mr. Robinson's just been telling me," I volunteered, "how he fell in love with you at sight and couldn't believe you'd see anything in him."

She tilted her head at a charming "Sez-you!" angle. "To me," she stated blandly, "my husband's handsome. Just as handsome," she added, gazing down at the pair on the sofa, "as his very good-looking son. Which is more than I'd say for any other man."

"The Robinson marriage," a friend of theirs told me, "is my idea of a marriage made in heaven. They've got the three essentials. They love each other. They respect each other. They work with each



"Mob scene" in evening clothes! Here's a studio picture made during the shooting of "College Humor." It's a tense moment in which Roughneck Richard Arlen "crashes" a college dance, breaking in between Mary Carlisle and "Bing" Crosby.

other. It's a combination that can't go wrong."

From the beginning Mrs. Robinson was more interested in her husband's career than in her own. So she gave hers up, to become all things to one man—critic and play-reader, confidante and adviser and, as he describes it, "general bolsterer-up."

"I need crutches," he explained, "to keep my faith in myself from toppling over. I'm another of the victims of 'dat ole daval' inferiority complex. Whatever success I've had never gave me any assurance that I'd go on having it. Each new rôle is a new Calvary—I'm always sure that this time I'm going to be rotten. So you can perhaps imagine what it means to me to have someone always there who is vitally interested, always ready to listen, to discuss, to rehearse with me, act as trial-audience, no yes-sister either, but a person whose judgment I can rely on for good or ill. When my wife says: 'You were good, Eddie,' that's the moment when the darkness lifts and I may even begin feeling sort of pleased with myself!"

Meantime a little machine called the Vitaphone had wrought an upheaval in the motion picture trade. Hollywood was yelling for actors who could talk, casting its golden nets over Broadway and hauling in some of its biggest fish. Robinson was asked to make a test, but the memory of his three days on a movie set was still green and bitter.

His state of mind was mixed. He had no intention of abandoning the stage—his first and dearest love. Still it mightn't do any harm to make an occasional movie and garner his share of those heavily advertised shekels. But suppose he flopped. He could hardly tell them he was afraid. So he bluffed it out.

"Why test me?" he demanded. "I've been tested plenty—on the stage. I'm all right. If there's anything wrong, it's with your machines, not me. Test your machines."

"Doesn't sound much like an inferiority complex, does it?" he grinned. "But it was all put on to hide a quivering lip."

Universal finally took him on his own terms, signing him for "Night Ride" without a test. Then he did "A Lady to Love" for Metro-Goldwyn. Metro-Goldwyn liked him.

"How about a five-year contract?" they suggested. "There's a swell book floating around called 'Little Caesar.' Great gangster part for you. If you'll sign up with us, we'll buy it."

"Nothing doing," said Robinson kindly but firmly. "I don't care about gangster parts, and I'm not tying myself up to the movies for five years. I'm going back to New York to do a play."

He went back to New York—to what was probably his greatest stage success—the play of which he was co-author—"The Kibitzer."

He and his wife departed for Europe at the end of the run. Coming home, they were met on the dock by friends, brandishing copies of "Little Caesar." Robinson found time to read it and to change his mind about the gangster part.

Back in Hollywood for a free-lance picture or two, he was summoned to the offices of Universal.

"How about a long-term contract?" they asked him. "We'll get 'Little Caesar' for you if you'll come with us."

But even his enthusiasm for "Little Caesar" couldn't buy Robinson.

"No long-term contracts," he insisted stubbornly. "As soon as I find a good play I'm going back to New York."

It happened, however, that First National, pausing to drive no bargains, bought "Little Caesar," signed Robinson to play the lead, and made the picture. He enjoyed working out that masterly characterization more than anything he'd done to date, but



Ho-hum! Here's Katharine Hepburn's interpretation of "The Thinker"—a slightly bored one. She's waiting for the cameras to find the range in preparation for a scene in "Morning Glory." Note "Katie's" characteristic studio costume—overalls, sweater and smock.

the moment it was finished he raced back to New York to appear in what he hoped was a good play—"Mr. Samuel."

"Mr. Samuel" proved a complete flop and Mr. Robinson's spirits sank to their lowest ebb. A good play, like a good man, is notoriously hard to find. Where was he to look for one now?

At which crucial moment "Little Caesar" was released. It opened in New York at 9:30 one morning and kept right on running over and over till 4:30 the following morning. The theatre was mobbed. Reserves were called out to keep the crowds in order. Robinson's natural desire to see his own picture created a problem. Police were afraid of a riot. Finally he and his wife, completely surrounded by blue-coats, sneaked like criminals up a back alley and into the house. In a cold sweat Robinson watched the reels unfold, stole a fearful, fascinated glance now and then at the tense faces packed in about him, felt the waves of thunderous applause surging over him at the picture's close. This was an experience the stage had never given him—the greatest thrill of a career not wholly devoid of thrills. He left the theatre in a daze—by the back way.

It was "Little Caesar" that vanquished Robinson. He couldn't resist a tidal wave. It carried him off his feet, swept away all his preconceived ideas of the stage and the movies and his own relation to each. He threw up his hands and capitulated. He gave up his search for good plays and signed a long-term contract with Warner Brothers.

It's a step he has never had reason to regret. His forceful personality has stamped with distinction every rôle he has undertaken since, and he stands today at the head of his class—the character actor par excellence—the *Little Caesar* of the movies.

But I've seen a picture of Eddie Robinson—made without benefit of camera or mike—that's done the impossible—wiped from my mind the supposedly indelible image of *Little Caesar*. His cheek pressed gently to the cheek of the baby in his arms, he crooning a lullaby his mother must have sung once to him. His son's blue eyes stare solemnly up into a face transfigured by a smile of infinite tenderness. Presently the little lids droop—lift drowsily for a moment—and close again. The tiny fists uncurl. The baby's asleep.

It's Eddie Robinson's best picture!

Gable! The Movies Saved Him!

Continued from page 19

The chances of staying permanently married have been proved pretty slim for a movie star. Yet, in Clark's opinion, we are wrong in blaming Hollywood. The town doesn't ruin love, nor does the profession of acting. The persons themselves are wholly responsible.

"Love is really the most important thing in life." The set was a madhouse of confusion and a half dozen tourists had just been ushered in to gaze wide-eyed at Clark and Jean. He went on unperturbed.

"Certainly it is with me. With the right wife a man is ready to face anything. He is one hundred per cent alive. Vibrant! Why should business—and acting's merely that—interfere with love?"

Note this, gossips!

"I haven't had to fight any baleful Hollywood influence as regards my own

marriage. On the contrary, Hollywood has been a good experience for Mrs. Gable and myself. It has brought us even closer together, if that were possible.

"Now that I have a contract and don't have to worry about where my next job is coming from, I have more time to spend with her. Also, I have the money to do the pleasant things for her which I always wished to do. And couldn't. We recently moved to a larger and nicer home, to give a specific example."

It is a beautiful place of Early American architecture. Curiously, the Gables chose the same quiet Brentwood Heights street on which Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck, and Helen Twelvetrees reside. These four top-notchers reside within two blocks of each other.

"We enjoy social life. Hollywood has

given us the opportunity of making friends with many fascinating, brilliant people. They are stimulating company and we like to entertain and to visit them. These are contacts which I, not so long ago, couldn't have made."

Because he is such a congenial fellow, Clark is as well liked by men as by the women. Mrs. Gable, a charming sophisticate, won her reputation as a clever hostess in the smart circles of New York City. So an invitation to the Gables' is a prize.

I think a significant fact about Clark is worth commenting upon. He looks and lives as we imagine a movie star would. At premieres and our best parties he cuts a striking figure. Week-ends when he's not working find him at Del Monte, Palm Springs or Agua Caliente.

Superficially he is the spirit of Hollywood. And yet he is absolutely natural, unaffected. He, more than any other of our male stars, is exposed to the supposed evils of the movie world. Yet what has happened?

Surrounded by would-be-willing women, he has eyes for his wife alone. Paid a large salary, he lives comfortably but not extravagantly. Faced with unlimited occasions for making hey-hey, he remains decent and respectable. Can it be that Hollywood has been horribly slandered? That it has been the magnificent alibi for less self-respecting actors?

With the third "take" of the same love scene okayed by the director, Clark said goodbye to his partner in picture passion for the afternoon and walked off the stage with me. (Did I get jealous glances from the tourists, or did I? I did!!)

"I needn't go into detail as to how Hollywood has saved me financially," he added as we headed for his dressing room. "In Portland, Oregon, I once played a week with a coöperative stock troupe. We gave fourteen performances and everybody shared in the profits. My total pay for the week was \$1.30!"

"There have been similar sad chapters in my past. Strange, isn't it, that the 'good old days' were the darkest ones for me! Naturally I'm glad to be doing so well with my wages now. I'm saving a sizeable proportion, too, for when my movie era ends the big salary stops with a bang."

"How about your fondness for sports?" I asked. "You weren't able to indulge so extensively before the movies' magic wand was waved, were you?"

"Check up one more blessing from this grand city," he retorted with a gay flourish of both husky arms. "I'd always wanted to have my own horse, to play polo, golf and tennis. And I was too busy working until my break in the talkies. As soon as I could afford it, I rushed to take lessons from experts."

He-man supreme on the screen, Clark is equally masculine in reality and he excels in these gentlemanly games today. Nevertheless, he still prefers hunting to the tamer sports. He particularly likes to explore the wilds of Utah and Mrs. Gable accompanies him on these back-to-nature excursions. I've a suspicion he has designs on the lions in darkest Africa!

I left him at the door of his dressing room. By the time I was a few yards away he popped out again and was racing for his twelve-cylinder roadster. I'd forgotten that he is the one male star who wears no make-up. Why should he dabble for an hour with a jar of cold cream? He had no grease-paint or troubles to remove!



Are we bored? Never! Gable and Harlow, co-starring in "Hold Your Man," evidently find no surfeit of each other's company during scenes before the camera. Here, between shootings, they're having tea and a cozy chat together.

"I keep my lingerie lovely looking with LUX"

says *Wynne Gibson*

"No fastidious woman would think of wearing underthings a second day. It's so easy to Lux them, and Lux keeps colors and materials so exquisite! I also insist that my maid wash all sweaters and washable dresses in Lux. It's so economical that any girl can keep her things lovely the Hollywood way." WYNNE GIBSON

Paramount Star appearing in "Her Bodyguard"



Why don't *you* follow this thrifty Hollywood rule

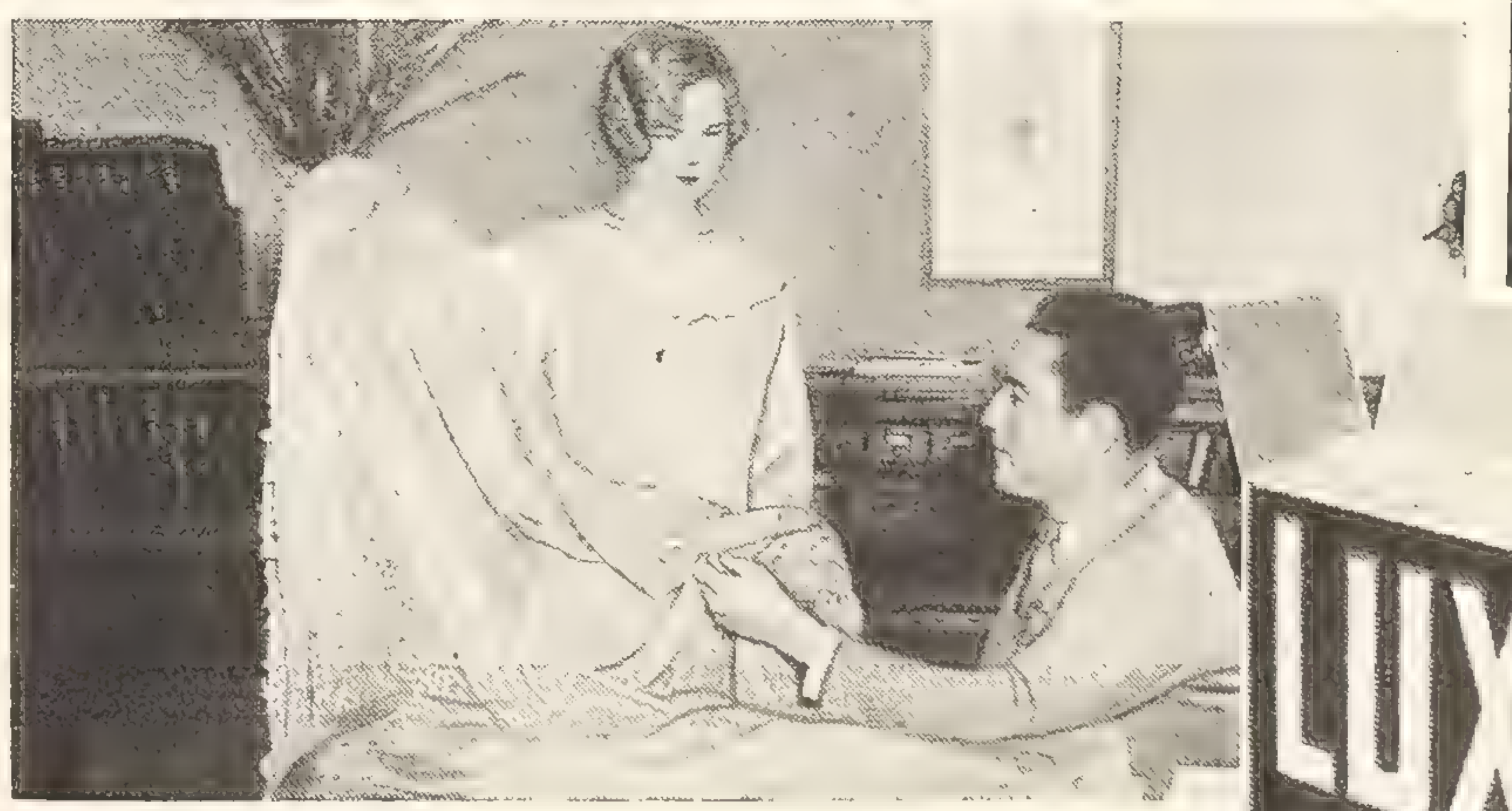
Everywhere girls follow the method lovely Wynne Gibson uses to keep lingerie exquisite looking...daily washing with Lux.

These gentle suds whisk away perspiration odor, yet protect color—keep fabrics looking like new. Avoid ordinary soaps—they often contain harmful alkali. Never rub with cake soap—it weakens silk. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Official in all the big studios...

Frank C. Richardson (right), Wardrobe Director of the Paramount Studio, says:

"Costumes represent a big investment that must be safeguarded. That's why Paramount specifies that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects the colors and materials... keeps them new longer... and saves money."



Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck
— **TRUST TO LUX**



What G. B. Stern Thinks of Hollywood

Continued from page 33

It was my stunning assignment to interview this picturesque and indefatigable author just before she sailed back to England, where her London flat is the meeting place of the celebrated literati from the whole round world. (She has had seventeen books published in America in the past twelve years!) She was keen, she said, about Hollywood, and plans to return later on.

"Of course, Hollywood is fascinating; how could it help being with such a horde of brilliant, individualistic minds gathered together and at work in one place?" G. B. Stern pronounced.

"No one who has not been in Hollywood can imagine the stimulation and the fun of being on the staff of a large producing company, with a cubby-hole of one's own in the studio for conferences and convenience, even though one has it in one's contract that one can do one's writing at home.

"I love the excitement of never knowing what new, strange, unforeseen thing is going to happen from moment to moment—as they always will be doing in a place like Hollywood where ideas are striking fire, plans are being changed, and exciting new vistas are continually flashing into sight.

"It was really to learn about a new writing technique with the thought that it might add something to my novel writing—for I am really a very serious hard-working novelist, more than anything else—that I went to Hollywood," said Miss Stern smiling. "I have learned it. I feel certain that in the future instead of philosophizing about action and character, I shall hear a faint echo of all the exchange of talk I heard on the R.K.O. lot and shall remember my own experience in translating books into motion picture scripts. I shall describe character and action through *action*. This, I feel sure, is one of the great and valuable

ways in which the newer art of the motion picture can contribute a livening quality to the older art of the novel."

Miss Stern thinks that not only is Hollywood stimulating from the point of view of work, but that it is kind as well—an adjective not always applied to it! We talked about an article I had read in which the writer apologized for the indifference of the motion picture "inner circle" to new-coming celebrities.

Rather than going away with the impression that Hollywood is cold, rude, and indifferent to a "foreign" artist, Miss Stern feels it is one of the kindest spots she has ever been in. Unbelievably kind and generous "on the lot."

"I love starting out the morning in the quiet and fragrance of a garden looking out over the ocean on a Santa Monica terrace with determined plans to dictate—(she always dictates)—the whole day through, no matter what happens, and find instead that a limousine has swept you away to an unavoidable consultation at the studio, ending up with a preview at the studio, with everybody talking and exchanging shop-talk."

Miss Stern does not know whether, after the luxury of being shown films in a Hollywood projection-room, she will ever be able to bring herself to go to just plain everyday movies again at home.

"What were your most thrilling experiences in Hollywood?" I asked.

"Visiting the great round gloomy mysterious observatory dome on Mt. Wilson in Pasadena at night. The place where Einstein and Millikan have been working out the problems of the cosmos," said Miss Stern.

"And seeing blossoms and ripe fruit together at the same time on the orange and lemon trees in the garden!—and the earthquake. We thought in it we were going to lose Bart and Edna, our two palm trees named after Herbert Marshall and Edna Best. But they survived."

The only thing that did not come up to, or far exceed, Miss Stern's expectations, was the Pacific Ocean. She was disappointed—not in Hollywood days or Hollywood nights or people—but in Hollywood swimming. Miss Stern, who ups and leaves England for a jaunt on the continent whenever she happens to think about it, adores swimming in the sapphire Mediterranean. Her idea of diving is to slip silently into thirty feet of clear sapphire crystal, and the restlessness and dangers of the surf on the Southern California beaches left an unsatisfied longing in her soul. She found the luxurious swimming pools possessed by such Hollywood stars as Marlene Dietrich more to her liking than the open sea.

Miss Stern thinks that American girls are pretty, but she admires character far more than prettiness. Character she feels Katharine Hepburn has in unusual degree. Also great fascination! And she thinks this young American star will make an excellent *Jo*.

"It seems a pity Louisa M. Alcott—*Jo*—cannot be here to see all the excitement that is going on about the book which she wrote so that she could prove that one Alcott could earn her living," said Miss Stern in farewell. "You remember how much she admired the Laurence boy who lived next door because he had travelled abroad in foreign parts? She had an international sense, had *Jo*."



Here are Romeo and Juliet off screen! The romantic young Shakespearians whose beautiful costume pictures you'll find on pages 62 and 63 of this issue are fairly matter-of-fact in real life. Katharine Hepburn is watching Doug, Jr. correct the manuscript of a novel he is writing.

Hollywood is simply wild about this soap

AUTHORITIES STATE...

"Lux Toilet Soap
contains pre-
cious elements
all skin needs."
Read about it!



SCIENTISTS

EXPLAIN: It contains precious elements skin itself has...and must have to stay YOUTHFUL!

SKIN, science has found, contains cer-
tain precious elements. These elements,
found in youthful skin of every type, keep
it fresh, smooth, attractive, young.

The gradual loss of these elements is
what makes skin get old-looking, dry,
rough, unattractive. But scientists give
this welcome and all-important message—
you can now *check the loss* of these precious
elements.

*This Soap actually contains
Precious Elements found
in skin itself*

Now scientists attest the fact that Lux Toi-
let Soap with its complete freedom from
harshness, its ready solubility *and its con-
tent of such precious elements*, is an unques-
tionable aid in keeping the skin young-
looking... softly smooth.

Small wonder that Lux Toilet Soap is
used by nearly all of the famous screen stars,
who *must* keep their skin radiant, smooth,

For EVERY Type of Skin
...oily...dry..."in-between"—

young-looking! Small wonder it has been
made the official soap for dressing rooms
in all the large Hollywood film studios!

A Lovelier YOU

HOLLYWOOD has proved through
years of daily use that this soap actually
keeps every type of skin young-looking.

MILLIONS of women (and men) every-
where confirm Hollywood's experience.

Won't YOU prove the beautifying
effect this fragrant, white Lux Toilet
Soap can have on *your* skin?



BEGIN TODAY!

Photographed in Hollywood

The Hollywood stars in
the foreground, reading
from left to right, are
GENEVIEVE TOBIN,
'BOOTS' MALLORY (Fox
star), GWILI ANDRE and
ANITA PAGE.



"It really has made MY skin
look Younger..."

"What the Hollywood stars say about Lux
Toilet Soap is exactly what I've found out
in my own case," writes Miss Evelene
Miller of New York. Miss Miller adds: "I've
been using this soap for three years now
and I find it really has made my skin much
younger-looking. I will never use any other!"

Ruth Bryan Owen defends the Films

Continued from page 23

of every country, down through the ages, could be shown in every land.

"That is what motion pictures could do with the past—what I believe they some day *will* do.

"For the future, motion pictures can save for posterity the great personalities of today, their lives and actions.

"Photographs of an important treaty being signed can preserve forever the actual spirit of the men and deed involved. Just think of what it would mean to all the generations that have followed them if there were motion pictures of Washington and of Lincoln! Think of being able, today, to see the brave and gallant band of men signing the Declaration of Independence! Think of seeing and hearing Lincoln's Get-

tysburg Address! Or any historical deed.

"The men who are today making history can be so immortalized for the future. Only the other day Mrs. Roosevelt sat beside me and we watched on the White House screen various newsreels of President Roosevelt taken during the past year.

"Mrs. Roosevelt turned to me and remarked: 'These pictures of Franklin will go down in history and will be shown to countless generations to come.'

"And I thought of how fortunate it is that an actual record of the man could be carried on through the ages!

"For in preserving our great characters as they really are—a function now being performed by the movies—we are insuring accuracy. And that is the most important

factor in any industry, art, or life—accuracy!

"In portraying the human heart, motion pictures find, perhaps, their best *metier*. For the human heart is not only international—it is universal.

"And in depicting such real, such simple persons as are to be found in every land, motion pictures become the great medium for universal understanding.

"White or black, rich or poor, every man, woman, and child could understand the emotion that wracked poor little 'Skippy's' heart when, in the film of that name, he cried over the death of his dog.

"Everyone has suffered sorrow—everyone has lost something or someone beloved—therefore, 'Skippy' was the hungry heart that beats in every breast."

Mrs. Owen turned away for a moment to issue orders to one of her several secretaries, all of whom accord her a loyalty that is more than mere deference. She really occupies a place in *their* hearts.

When she turned back to me, I asked her just what influence she thought American films have in foreign countries.

"That question is of especial interest to me just at present," she admitted, "going as I am to another land for four years.

"From my visits to Europe in the past, I have learned that American films have a most tremendous influence in shaping the opinions other nations have of us.

"They judge us by our motion pictures. I mean by that that they believe we are exactly as we are portrayed in our films. They think our cities look just as our films represent them; they believe our people behave as they do in our films. So, because of that fact, it is obvious that we should try always to give them a picture of the real people of America.

"We do not want to create an impression that any exception, isolated character, or happening is typical of our entire nation, of our people."

"What are your views on censorship, Mrs. Owen? Do you care to express an opinion?" I asked.

"No, that is a subject on which I do not feel qualified to express an opinion," she replied. "It is a subject too fraught with the danger of being misunderstood, for one thing. And for another, it is not my business—not my job.

"I will say this, however. If motion pictures are perfected from within, the whole question of censorship would automatically disappear.

"For if every picture produced was all that it should and could be, there would be no necessity for censorship, and it would cease to exist.

"Whether or not certain individuals should have the power to decree what other individuals can see, I will not discuss. But it seems to me that from any viewpoint, censorship is merely a remedy offered to cure an illness that exists. The illness being questionable pictures.

"At best, censorship is an indifferent remedy. For if a picture is not quite acceptable, cutting parts from it will not improve it. Any more than it would improve an ill-fitting gown to tear small holes in it, or make a rug fit a room by burning sections from the center.

"But if films can be brought to the point where they measure up to acknowledged standards of accuracy, integrity, and honesty, there would be nothing in any of them to censor—and censorship would die."



A "lean" hour for Jean Harlow! The platinum gal, while chatting with director Norman Taurog, is using one of those new-fangled studio "reclining-boards" during a lull between "takes" for "Hold Your Man." It permits her to rest without sitting down on that dainty dress.



EXCESS HAIR LOOKS BLACKER WHEN WET— MARCHAND'S MAKES IT UNNOTICEABLE!

WET your arm. See how the light, fuzzy hair seems to grow blacker. And leg hair when wet shows up even heavier and uglier!

Men look at your legs and arms. How can they fail to see excess hair—made darker than ever, when you go in bathing.

For the sake of appearance, daintiness—keep arms and legs attractive.

Make excess hair unnoticeable with Marchand's—quickly, easily. Then you won't mind how wet arms get!

WEARING SLEEVELESS DRESSES, sheer stockings, or going barelegged—take

the same precaution—because excess hair may be quite noticeable, even when dry.

MARCHAND'S—FAMOUS BEAUTY AID OF BLONDES

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash has a nationwide reputation for reliability. Thousands of attractive blonde women use Marchand's—to restore youthful color and beauty to faded hair—to make drab hair lustrous and lovely. It is used at home, safely and successfully.

To get the desired results, be sure you get the genuine. Ask for "MARCHAND'S"—see that the label spells—

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

TO GET BY MAIL

fill in coupon, mail with \$.45 (stamps accepted) to—

C. MARCHAND CO.
251 W. 19th St. New York City

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....

Joan Crawford through Connie Bennett's Eyes!

Continued from page 17

harbours many and conflicting forces. Forces which she must control if she is to win a lasting success, and she now knows this. She now feels the terrific potentialities of her nature, potentialities that might yet raise her to even greater heights or cast her into the depths. And because of a sneaking doubt as to the eventual outcome, she now exists behind a veil of haunting unhappiness.

"While some girls inherit a pretty fair knowledge of how to get on in the world, and how to find a true joy in living, Joan finds it impossible to profit by the mistakes of others. She, herself, must experience life's joys and sorrows, no matter what the cost, in order to fuse her knowledge into one prodigious engine of life which some day she will drive with the unerring instinct of a trained engineer. And in the meantime she continues to battle through life with a courage inspired by her all-consuming will to achieve. I must say that I admire Joan Crawford almost more

than any woman of my acquaintance. She can't help but win.

"At this stage of her career Joan hesitates in taking a misstep for fear of watching her life crash around her. And yet, as I have said, she can learn only through personal experience, so she bravely tries everything, is continually doubting, and never manages to be quite sure of herself—which is one reason she evinces extreme shyness when confronted with crowds.

"In order more clearly to etch her portrayal of *Sadie Thompson*, in 'Rain,' Joan sincerely felt the necessity for painting her lips as fully as she did, and as a result brought down a storm of criticism. Criticism that galled her sensibilities more than you'll ever know. Especially so, since during the making of 'Rain' she was miserably unhappy.

"One afternoon she drove down to my beach place and burst into the living room, seemingly on the verge of hysterics. 'I've just returned from location,' she said, 'and

I can't stand it any longer! For some reason or other the whole crew dislikes me! Sometimes I feel they hate me! It's as though they resent my starring in the picture! I can't do my best work under those conditions!' She cried, 'I can't!' And with that she threw herself down on the couch, burying her face in her arms."

Connie comforted and soothed until Joan gradually dropped into a peaceful sleep and slept profoundly throughout the afternoon in spite of the magnificent overtones of the surf as it periodically, relentlessly, crashed on the beach. The next morning Connie told Joan to return to location as though nothing had happened, and that if she would be her own charming self she couldn't help but win over the crew. Joan returned to location, charmed, won.

"I hope," Connie continued, after relating this incident, "you don't get the idea that Joan is unable to take criticism gracefully. She eagerly accepts it, both good and bad, but is apt to feel darkly depressed if she feels the criticism unjust or exaggerated. Especially when people started shouting 'Be yourself; not Garbo!' You may recall that certain writers and fans accused her of copying other stars; stars like Garbo, Katharine Cornell, and Pauline Frederick. One afternoon while we were discussing these accusations, Joan nearly broke down weeping. 'I admire both Garbo and Katharine Cornell,' she said at the time, 'and I adore Pauline Frederick and I studied her art, just as I studied the art of all great actresses, as a student studies a master—but the thought of imitating them never entered my head! I just wanted to improve myself, that's all! And I do so hope that sometime, somehow, I'll manage to be considered a definite personality; an individual called Joan Crawford!' I told Joan that she already was and not to take it so hard, as everyone in her position was the target of a lot of unfair comment, to continue in her own way and she was bound to come out and stay—ahead.

"And, by the way," Connie inquired with a faint smile, "don't you find this Garbo comparison rather interesting? For example, the secret of Garbo's lure lies in the illusion of pure, unadulterated abandon. Joan's attraction is similar, except that she subjugates illusion to flame. Perhaps it's because I know Joan so well that I consider her personality far the greater of the two; so great, in fact, that it seems absurd even to presume the necessity for her copying another. Who knows," she continued lightly, "but that some day the shout may go up: 'Be yourself—not Crawford!'"

And then she went on to tell me of Joan's many and admirable qualities, qualities that helped to cement their acquaintance into a friendship everlasting. "Above all things Joan is a woman of her word, gracious and thoughtful at all times. She would go to great lengths to please an old friend or to make a new one. And the generosity and greatness of her heart has not only been proved in her treatment of friends and studio acquaintances, but also in her many little secret charities. Furthermore, I've yet to find Joan boring, a trait utterly foreign to her nature, for at all times she manages to amuse. In fact, one doesn't always know quite how to take her!

"An especial element of uncertainty enters into any conversation with Joan when she happens to be relaxing at home or down at my place at the beach. You may look at you intently from her starring eyes. She may nod expressively, apparently hanging



Sally Eilers gets a bird's-eye view of the situation. "I'm sitting on top of the studio," grins Sally, exhibiting some of the pleasantest charm and shapeliest limbs in Hollywood.

on to your every word. And yet all the time she'll be sunk in deep concentration over some problem of her own, utterly unaware of your existence! And may I ask what to do with a girl like that? On the other hand, though, she can display a resiliency of thought that leaves one gasping. And while some of her actions may seem at the time inexplicable, if you probe far enough to discover the motive, you will find her reasoning was that of a sound, discerning intelligence. And since Joan invariably thinks before speaking, her remarks usually ring pertinent. Especially since because of her adaptability, native caniness and eagerness to learn she has developed a truly deep and resourceful mind.

"Due to the many inherent forces of her nature she remains now and forever a woman of many moods; moods, however, that are gradually being softened by her new-found philosophy and mental development. Nevertheless, they assert themselves unexpectedly, and reveal the many and refreshing variants of her nature.

"I remember seeing Joan one evening shortly after her return from Europe. The predominant theme of the evening was her intense joy at being home again. Apparently some familiar note in the atmosphere attuned itself to her spirit, for suddenly she ran into the reception hall and began dancing, dancing, dancing as I had never seen her dance before. Even her red chiffon pajamas and flowing long bobbed hair seemed to catch the fire of her mood as she swayed and whirled with inspired grace. There was no music, mind you, and her dance was in no way reminiscent of jazz. Joan was dancing to the melody of her life, to that vast rhythmic conception of humanity with which she was born. It was as though the music of her soul had been released by her unutterable joy at once again finding herself in this home of hers, this home that she built and loves, and in which she now lives alone.

"That evening Joan was truly beautiful, and yet I've seen her look excruciatingly funny; hot, disheveled and amazingly freckled, lounging on the back of her neck in an easy chair reveling in a novel as she absently braided her hair into pigtails!

"When entertaining formally Joan makes a most charming hostess, gowned as one to the manner born and watching after guests with a gracious eagerness which Hollywood is only beginning to understand. Some people accuse her of being a poseur, of trying to put on the dog, as it were, with place cards at dinner, and one thing and another. Such charges are too ridiculous for words; for Joan never, under any circumstances, does anything which she doesn't sincerely believe is correct—her scrupulous honesty forbidding. And Joan is honest in deeds, words, and thought, almost to a point of naïveté. And I consider her refreshing naïveté utterly charming.

"But perhaps the greatest tribute I can pay Joan is simply the feeling of relaxation and rest that I have when I step into her home. This may be partially derived from a profusion of white flowers clustered in all rooms; with sweet peas, white carnations, white roses, lilies and gardenias. And while her florist bill must be tremendous, the effect more than justifies the expense. One wonders at Joan's passion for white flowers. Perhaps in some way it personifies a certain spiritual tendency awakened by the Sisters back in her convent days, a tendency that before long may very well dominate her life; but however the course of her future life may run, she remains now a woman whose beauty, talents, and courage merit the world's admiration and acclaim—a woman who has my friendship, and a woman of whose friendship I'm proud!"

YES! There's a trick to washing matelassé fabrics

WOOL

COTTON

RAYON

COTTON

I'll take you into the secret!

So many women ask me, "Will the matelassé fabrics wash? Will they lose their crinkle? Will they shrink? Will they stretch?" My answer is—*"they'll wash nicely if you wash them correctly!"* Here is my simple recipe.

Watch the soap!

Don't use harsh soap. Don't use soap that is hard to rinse—that sticks to the crinkles and has to be *rubbed* out. Don't use hot water. Don't use soap that needs hot water to dissolve it—you might not cool the suds enough!

USE IVORY SNOW. This fluffy form of pure, mild Ivory Soap is ideal for matelassés. It is not cut into hard, flat flakes, but **BLOWN** into swiftly dissolving soft, *round* bits. No danger of too-hot suds when you use Ivory Snow, because it melts *completely* in water that is just **LUKEWARM!**

Watch the rinse!

No soap spots to be rubbed out in the rinse when you use Ivory Snow! Ivory Snow has no flat pieces that can cling to fabrics and make soap spots. Keep the rinse water the same temperature as the wash water—just **LUKEWARM.**

Press up-and-down and crossways!

Roll garment in a thick towel to press out loose water. Then shake it out and pull it into shape. While still damp, place on a softly padded ironing board and press on the *wrong* side of the material with a moderately hot iron. Press both up-and-down and crossways until thoroughly dry.

KATHRYN MARTIN
Washability Expert

BIG BOX—ONLY 15¢
99 44/100 % PURE

IVORY SNOW
for white wash-clothes—dissolves instantly

Is Garbo Bluffing?

Continued from page 25

customs of this country, then so new to her. In her search for knowledge she met Lilyan Tashman, than whom there are few more clever in Hollywood. Even Miss Tashman discovered that she had stumbled upon a real task when she sought to imbue Garbo with American ideas and ideals.

For example, Lilyan undertook to teach the Swedish star the art of wearing clothes (Tashman *would!*). Garbo was avid for such knowledge and for weeks she faithfully visited the better shops with her teacher. At the end of a few months Miss Tashman threw up her hands in surrender. Despite the screen vamp's best efforts, Greta still carries out her *own* clothes ideas.

I believe that the so-called mystery-of-Garbo is at least partially blamable to a marked inferiority complex. When she is thrown among brilliant people Miss Garbo seems to become self-conscious and tongue-tied. This is not true when she is associating with people of lesser importance. She is said to talk glibly to her maid, her house servants and her business manager. Is this because they work for her and therefore they do not call out her inferiority complex?

Garbo—the *screen* Garbo—is without doubt a tailor-made figure. There is almost as much difference between the tall, blonde woman who "walks in the rain" and the graceful creature of motion pictures as there is between Slim Summerville, the comedian, and Claudette Colbert, the possessor of the screen's loveliest body. The finest technical experts have given their all to make the movie Greta beautiful. They dress her gorgeously and otherwise surround her with the glamor which is so vital to her box-office value.

In my opinion Garbo's inferiority complex causes her to be fearfully aware of this marked difference between her *real* and her *reel* selves. She knows that her figure is not petite and that her feet are large. I recall that she seemed aware of these faults early in her Hollywood career. My knowledge is based on an incident that took place at the studio several years ago. Greta, then a stranger to the studios and a person of little importance to her employers, was ordered to pose in a bathing suit, just as little cuties pose in bathing suits today.

Garbo was horribly self-aware. She took pains to assume postures best adapted to *hide* her body rather than to *exhibit* it as a bathing-suit figure should be displayed. She was mortified, beyond doubt—or if there was doubt it was quickly banished when Greta suddenly cried: "When I become famous I shall nefer, nefer haf my photograph in a bathing suit!"

True to that promise made to herself, when Garbo rose to importance in the motion picture industry she positively refused to pose in bathing suits.

In fact, Garbo refuses to pose for informal pictures of any sort! She permits studio photographers to pose her only in the gallery or on her sets and she demands and exercises the privilege of censoring every negative.

Many questions are asked about Garbo. Most of them are queries that may be answered only with personal opinions, since she refuses to give her own replies. Let us delve into the most common queries:

Is it true that she never attends parties?

Statements to that effect are positively false! Greta rarely attends social affairs at which other motion picture notables may

be found, but she travels frequently to the homes of her Swedish or less famous friends. On such occasions she dresses informally. She goes for good times among people who are little interested in whether she is beautiful or homely. She is not overcome by an inferiority complex among such friends.

Does she want to become a stage actress?

Years ago Garbo expressed such a desire. I believe she harbors the same yearning in

her heart today. Unfortunately for any such ambitions, always in the back of her mind may lurk that annoying voice which never ceases to whisper: "I am not really as beautiful as the public believes. On the stage people would see me as I am. They might be disappointed." Of course, Greta has not publicly admitted this; I am only hazarding an opinion of one who has studied her closely since her early days in America.



Ruby Keeler, sweeter than ever in her fetching travel suit, goes vacationing with husband Al Jolson. No, Al isn't in blackface—it's just a few layers of that well-known California tan!

Does Garbo mourn for Mauritz Stiller?

In my opinion, Greta's most laudable attribute is her extreme devotion. Her servants tell of her loyalty with tears in their eyes. People who have done favors for her have been rewarded doubly.

Stiller without doubt contributed greatly to Garbo's present lofty position. He persuaded her to come to America. He encouraged her; he directed her patiently; he taught her to pose and to act. Perhaps he loved her, and she may have loved Stiller. Regardless of this phase of their companionship, I am certain that she felt and still feels a tremendous sense of gratitude toward him. I am positive that she is immeasurably regretful that Death took him before she could repay the fine things he did for her.

Was she really in love with John Gilbert?

I do not believe she was. There may have been infatuation. I am sure that she liked Gilbert. Gilbert was kind to Garbo, and he assumed in a less unselfish way the task that Stiller resigned when Death called. Remember, it was as Gilbert's leading lady that Greta sky-rocketed from obscurity to fame.

Consequently I believe she again experiences that overwhelming sense of gratitude toward another human being. I believe she feels indebted to Gilbert. When she recently made an urgent request that he be cast opposite her in "Queen Christina," the picture that will mark her return to the screen, I became certain that Garbo acknowledges to herself a debt to John. Her request for Gilbert was a magnificent gesture, for she sought to restore to him his lost film fame by asking her employers to give him a new opportunity as her leading man. Such a fortunate break might have meant new stardom for Gilbert.

Is Garbo really glad to be again in Hollywood or does she feel more at home in Sweden?

No doubt she feels more at home in her own country. This is but natural. However, for the two new pictures she has contracted to make Greta will enrich herself by approximately a half-million dollars. Therefore she must be content to be back in Hollywood.

No star of motion pictures is more contradictorily discussed than Garbo. People either like or dislike her, and as far as I am able to discern the world populace is equally divided on the matter. Yet the very people who have told me that they do not like Garbo are the first to crowd the box-offices when her pictures appear. This strange paradox I cannot explain.

Perhaps Garbo-worshippers (who are legion) may regard this article as cruel. I do not intend it so. I am one of those who attend her pictures not to see her fail but to see her rise to the heights—and to be emotionally lifted by her tremendous power and appeal.

I have only written about Garbo as I have known and observed her. To me she is the very spirit of bluff. Were I an artist I would caricature her seated at a poker table and glancing slyly at her cards with not the slightest expression on her face. Even as I sketched the picture I would think to myself:

"She holds a pair of deuces but she will bluff the fellow with aces right out of the game."

This is how I feel about her, and I confess the feeling is mixed with ample admiration. If she has bluffed her way to her present importance simply by keeping her mouth shut (when I am positive that opening her mouth would end Garbo's game abruptly), then she should be praised until the welkin rings.

I, for one, do not hesitate to doff hat to a shrewd gambler—a great bluffer!

"Here's the one we took when Dick wasn't looking"

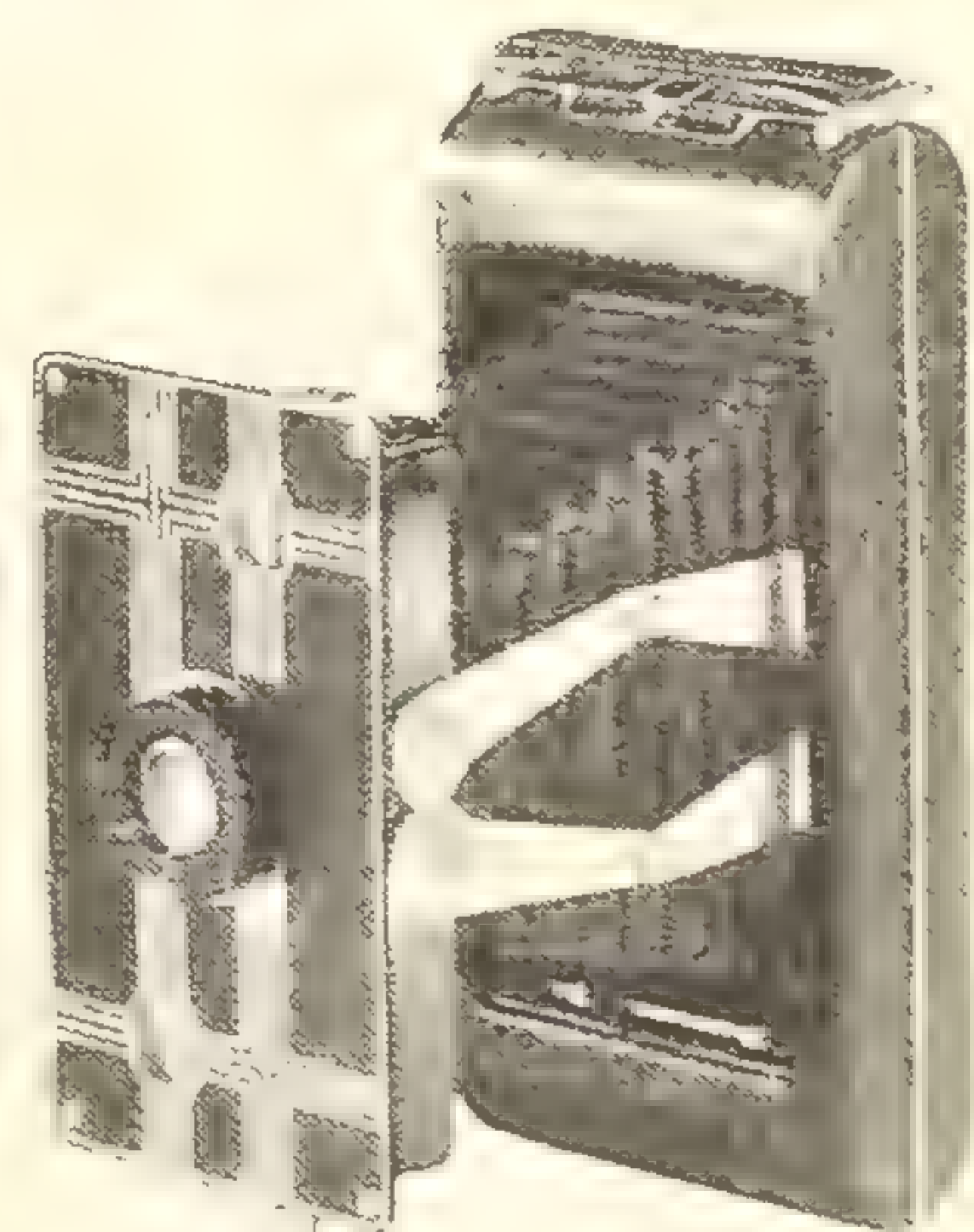


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"Velva Beauty Film... stockings by the tube!"

GOING places and doing things seems to be summer's Big Idea. It's just one week-end after another, with scarcely enough time in between to get ready for the next Friday-to-Monday holiday jaunt. Hollywood stars may complain about having to live out of a trunk while they're on location. But even a trunk is a pretty substantial part of civilization—compared to the small week-end cases that we're used to.

If you wait till the last minute to throw a few things into that brief of yours, you're going to look like that all week-end long—yes, just practically thrown together. The thing to do is to plan your accouterments, (how's that for a big word!) and to make sure that you've got your best beauty friends with you. And don't be entirely influenced by what would look "pretty" on the top layer, just in case your bag is lost and a romantic gentleman gets it by mistake. That happens only in the movies. Get gay and frivolous as you like, but be sure you've got some sensible beauty aids to back you up.

When you come in from a day on the beach, and you feel sort of burny and itchy, there's nothing like a good cooling dose of Frostilla, spread thickly over your arms and shoulders and back. It's not only soothing and misty-cool, but it's so fragrant that someone's sure to ask you, "What is that delicate perfume you're wearing?"

(Of course you don't have to tell them.)

We've all known for ages that Frostilla gives every little girl a lovely white hand, but here's something you may not know. If some ambitious soul has walked you for miles through the country to get a little air... and all you've gotten is a pair of tired hot feet—well, then, make a dash for your bottle of Frostilla. A quick massage with a handful of Frostilla, and your feet will feel and walk like new.

Femi-nifties

Some Exciting Summer Stand-bys That Will Help Make Week-ends Meet!

By Katharine Hartley



"... gives every little girl a lovely white hand"

Remember how you used to worry and wonder if two extra pairs of hose would be enough for the week-end—allowing for most anything in the way of a tear or a run? I say "remember" because this is a problem of the past, my dears. You don't even have to wear stockings any more, much less worry about them. The answer is Elizabeth Arden's Velva Beauty Film—a brand new cream for legs. It's the most exciting thing I've seen in ages. A cream... comes in a tube... three flattering shades... and you smooth it on your legs as easy as can be. Wear it instead of hose, or wear it under sheer hose if you like. It not only colors your legs beautifully, but it covers every blemish. And what's more it doesn't show a shine. Talk about "dull-finish" hose... this cream leaves your legs duller than dull. (In one sense only, I promise you.) Imagine! Stockings by the tube! Well, there's no telling what we'll come to.



"... reminiscent of medieval ladies..."

Naturally, you must remove every trace of hair from your legs and arms to be really chic this summer. And this is not such a perplexing problem as it used to be, either. If you haven't as yet tried the new De Wan depilatory, you don't know what a comparatively simple and pleasant "operation" this hair-removing business can be. De Wan is a fine white powder that you mix with water to form a paste. And there's no bad odor hovering round the bottle either, so you can pack it in with your nicest undies. Besides, it's so safe that you can use it not only on your arms and under-arms, but even on your face!

If you must have some new beauty gadget to make your week-end a success, try a new lipstick. Rubenstein's chate-laine lipstick is the talk of the town. The name and the container are reminiscent of medieval ladies who wore chate-laine bags, or key rings, safely chained to their waistline. Only in this case, it's the top that's chained to the lipstick. Is that an idea? Saves us



"... Hollywood heard about it first."

a lot of looking for strayed or stolen tops. Needless to say, the Rubenstein shades are pretty perfect. Smart young things who go week-ending, have hit upon this lipstick not only for their own use, but as a grand thank-you-ma'am gift for their hostess!

Half the trick of looking long-lashed and lovely is to keep the lashes curled upward, so they stand out distinctly against the light texture of the eyelids.

It was Hollywood that first startled the world with its wealth of lovely lashes. But then it was Hollywood that first heard about Kurlash. The secret's out now, however, and everybody is using it. It's a little gadget, made to fit your fingers like a pair of scissors, with a rubber-rimmed aperture that fits around the lashes. A squeeze of the handle and the eyelashes are curled. Yes, it's as simple as all that . . . and the effect is ravishing.

Of course I needn't tell you that you'll need gobs and gobs of a good cleansing cream with you on any week-end venture. But I'm not so sure that all of you realize what a boon a good powder base can be. Especially if by the second day that sun-tanned, wind-burned skin of yours begins to get shinier than satin.

I know there are lots of pro's and con's about powder bases. Some of you have had rotten luck with them. The powder doesn't stick, or else it cakes, or the powder base dries the skin. Well, here's one that has none of these draw-backs. It's Tussy's *La Reine des Cremes*—and for those of you who haven't kept up with your French, that means the Queen of Creams and it is! It's so light-textured that it won't clog the pores either, but it will hold your powder beautifully for hours.

And incidentally, a good powder base such as this one has another very distinct advantage. It does help protect your skin from dirt and sun and all the summer scourges.

Maybe your hair is the kind that simply looks a mess after a dip in the salt-water. If so it's always well to have a small bottle of a good shampoo in your week-end case. One of the exciting new ones is called "Admiracion." It's of the soapless variety. It has an olive oil base, which works wonders, and leaves your hair naturally soft and glossy. The same shampoo, when heated, makes a perfectly marvelous hot-oil treatment. You just follow directions, and then watch the one-and-only follow you!

Record Awards from Radio Girls

Continued from page 61

worry about not being able to make that trip to Manhattan, because you'll be able to visit the most exciting places in New York by just sitting in your arm-chair. WABC's "Around the Town" broadcasts will take you to the Empire State Building; back-stage at Broadway dramas and musical comedies; to Greenwich Village; to Central Park Casino, where Eddy Duchin reigns;—to Harlem—in fact, to the East Side and to the West Side and all around the town!

This month's posies should go to Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Jack Benny) for her grand imitation of Mae West!

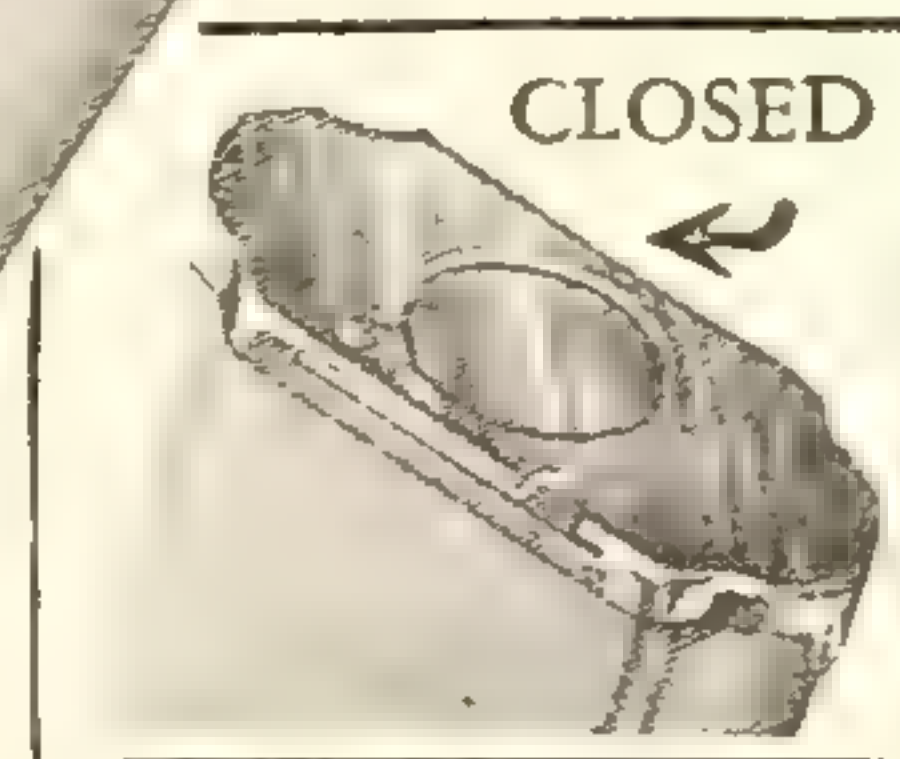
You won't have to wait for television to see the Maxwell House troupe in action, for Paramount made a film of one of their broadcasts, exactly as it goes on the air.

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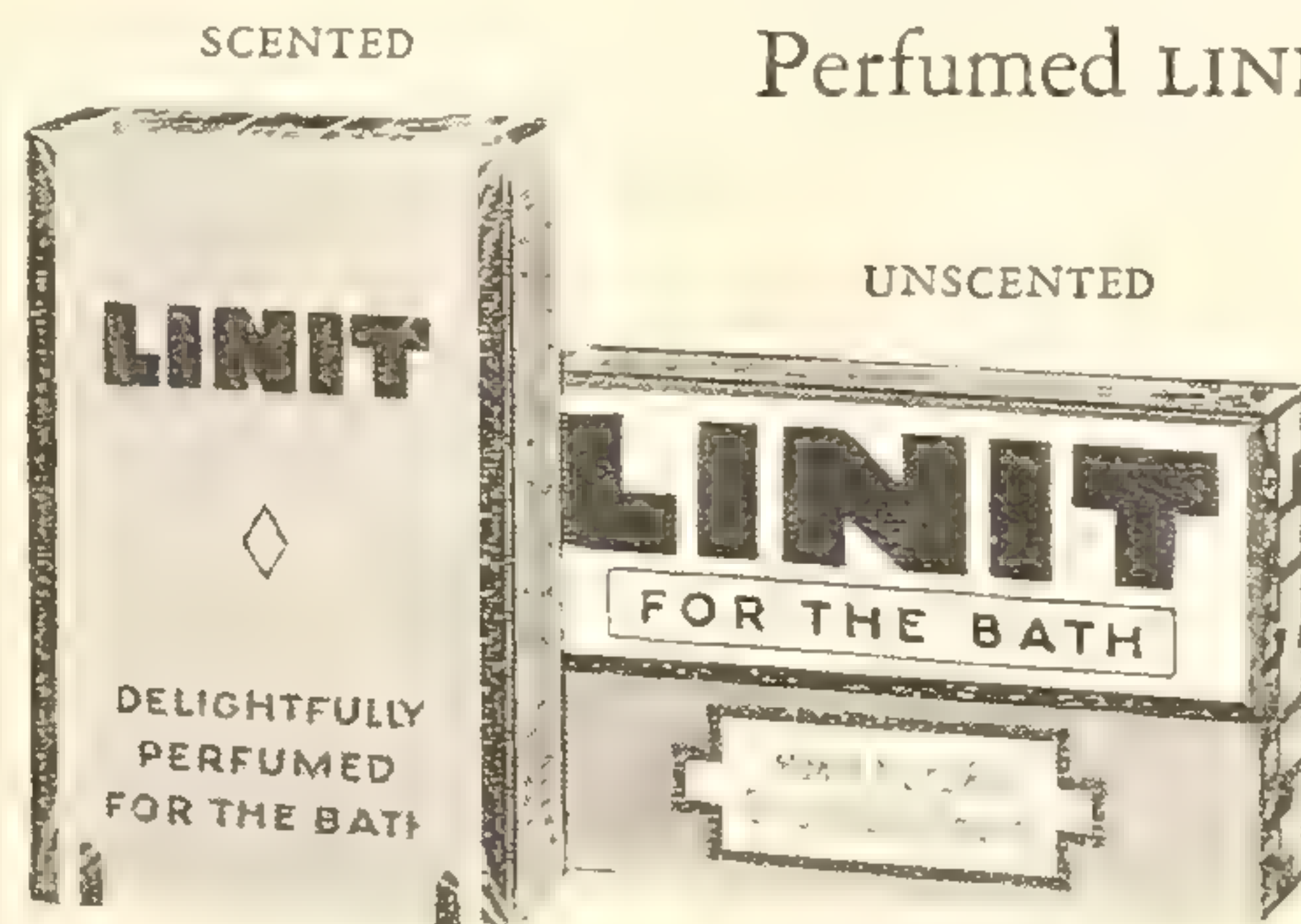
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A Play Girl Grows Up!

Continued from page 21

be the story of any girl—her virtues and her faults similar to yours and mine.

Her mistakes were not the serious, important mistakes made—and surmounted—by some of our greater stars. She was never a Dancing Daughter, careless of hours, of companions, of reputation. Nor yet a madcap Clara Bow, jeopardizing her future by impulsive, thoughtless deeds.

Sally was simply a girl who dared to enjoy the normal, harmless pleasures of youth in a town that has no place for *real* youth.

For in Hollywood, Youth is the sacrifice demanded upon the altar of achievement. To attain success upon the screen, players must make their careers their gods. Their homes, their loves, their private lives—all are subject to the whims of that temperamental, generous, selfish, all-encompassing task-master—Work!

There is no place in Hollywood for a girl or boy who wishes to consider work in pictures as merely a job, in the same sense that a stenographer considers hers or a bookkeeper his. A job that is a means of sustenance, entirely apart from one's real life, which can be lived after work is done.

A life made up of pleasant hours with the family, helping mother select a hat, buying a doll for small sister. Of shopping with the girl next door and going to the movies. Of playing tennis and swimming with one's best beau—of dancing to gay orchestras and driving along moonlit beaches.

That was what Sally Blane desired.

Today, she realizes her folly. At twenty-four, she is setting about to reconstruct her career.

"I know now that I wasted some of the best years of my life as far as work is concerned," she told me, as we sat in her spacious suite in the St. Regis just before she sailed for England. "But in many ways, I do not regret it, even now.

"For I am still young enough to start over again. And no matter what ever happens, nothing can take from me the care-free hours, the fun, the honest young good times I had. Regardless of what heart-aches or suffering life has brought me—or may continue to bring me—I can always be grateful for having enjoyed youth!

"Of course, I am sorry that I didn't make the most of my opportunities, didn't study as I should or work as hard as I might have done.

"Instead, during my first years in pictures, all that work meant to me was salary with which to buy new clothes to look pretty for my beau. I was terribly in love then, you know."

Sally smiled a little sadly, as does every woman when she contemplates a fragment of her youth that has died. Her eyes grew wistful and during the silence of that moment, I realized that Sally has definitely grown up. In place of the gay and careless young girl I had known for so long, there was now a poised, self-possessed young woman with level glance and determined chin.

"Not only did I fail to take my work seriously in those days," she continued, "but I also slighted it in my haste to get away from the studio as soon as possible to keep dates with the young man in the case.

"Then, when we broke our engagement, I found that I had nothing left. My whole world had revolved around him, my life had been lived only in the moments spent with him.

"Instead of having the solace of a work in which I could throw myself whole-

heartedly, I had only the skeleton of what might-have-been. And it was then, when I really needed something to believe in, something to cling to, that a real ambition was born in me. I determined from that time on to build my future on something that no one beside myself could destroy."

It was then that Sally learned her second great lesson. For she soon found that the opportunities which she had neglected had



Pert Kelton may be only a beginner, but she's already reached the top! Watch for this new little charmer in "Bed of Roses."

been seized by more thrifty souls. The studios which had been offering her rôles three years before had found more appreciative recipients of their favors. The work to which she had given such scant attention was being done by more industrious souls.

But Sally had what is often termed a "Fighting heart." She did not know when she was defeated. Instead, she shrugged

her slim shoulders with something of her usual nonchalance and set about proving to the world—and to herself—that she could at last live up to all that had been expected of her.

"It has been so hard to get work, though," she explained, a shadow of puzzlement crossing her eyes. "I had been in Hollywood long enough to be considered just another old-timer. An old-timer who wasn't particularly interested in working."

"I would hear that a picture was being cast in which there was just the part for me. I would go over to talk to the casting director or the producer or the director, and would walk out with my hopes high. Every time the phone would ring during the next few days, I would think it was my call."

"But when the picture went into production, some other girl would be playing the part I had tried to get."

"At first I couldn't understand it—it worried me and almost caused me to develop an inferiority complex. Until at last I realized that I had to consider myself as beginning all over again. That my whole career had to be started afresh, just as it had when I first came to Hollywood."

Not that it was much of an effort for Sally to enter pictures. Born in Salida, Colorado, she moved with her family to Salt Lake City when she was two months old. After a childhood and girlhood in the Mormon capital, her mother and sisters brought her to Hollywood for a visit one summer.

It was at that time that Universal was preparing its "Collegian" series and one of the officials of that organization met the Young girls, (Blane is only Sally's screen name), and offered Polly Ann, the oldest, and Sally, parts in the film.

In that manner, Sally was launched upon her picture career. After finishing "The Collegians" at Universal, she was signed by Paramount and worked for that company for one year, the year during which she was a Wampas Baby Star. Following expiration of her Paramount contract, she was signed by the newly-formed and growing Radio Pictures organization where she remained for some time. The time, in fact, which she fears she wasted.

"One thing my experience has given me," Sally resumed thoughtfully, "and that is a real love for my work. When I was faced with the prospect of not being able to continue in pictures, I knew for all time that whatever this thing called acting may be, it means something deep down inside to anyone who has a feeling for it."

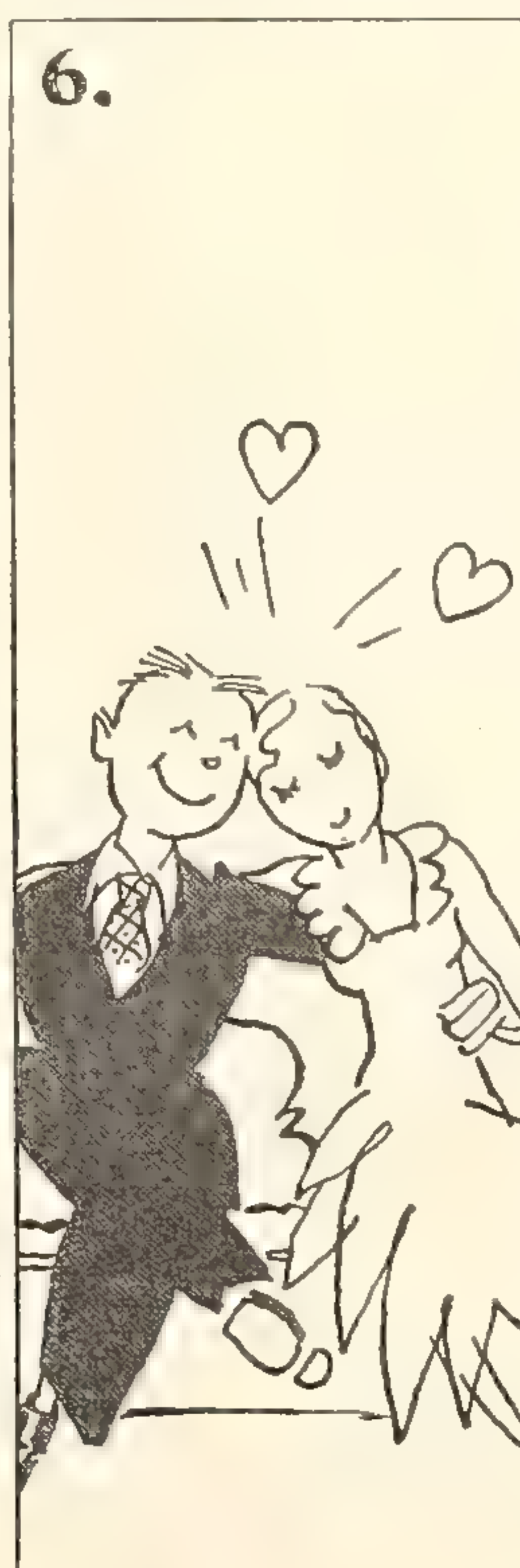
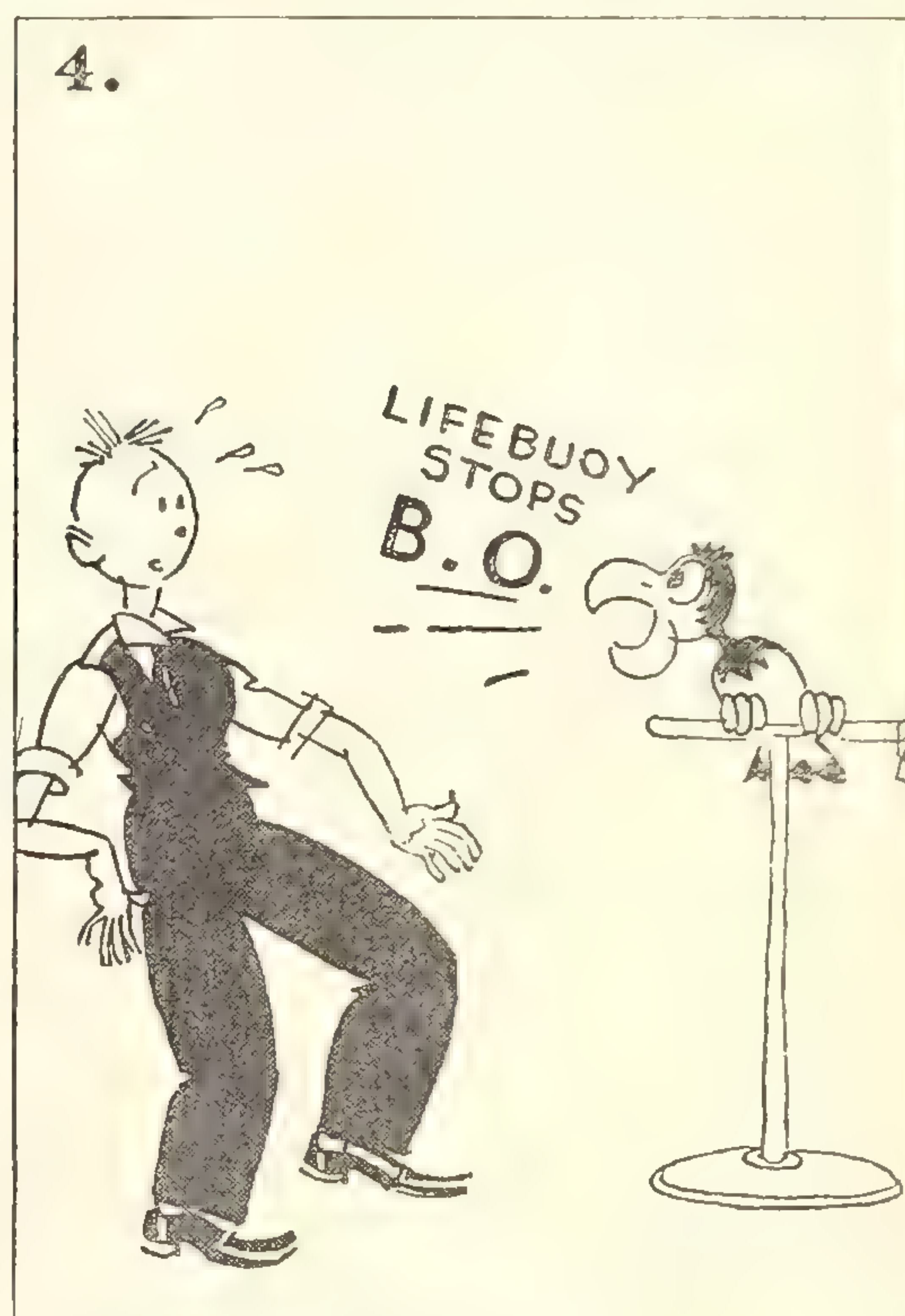
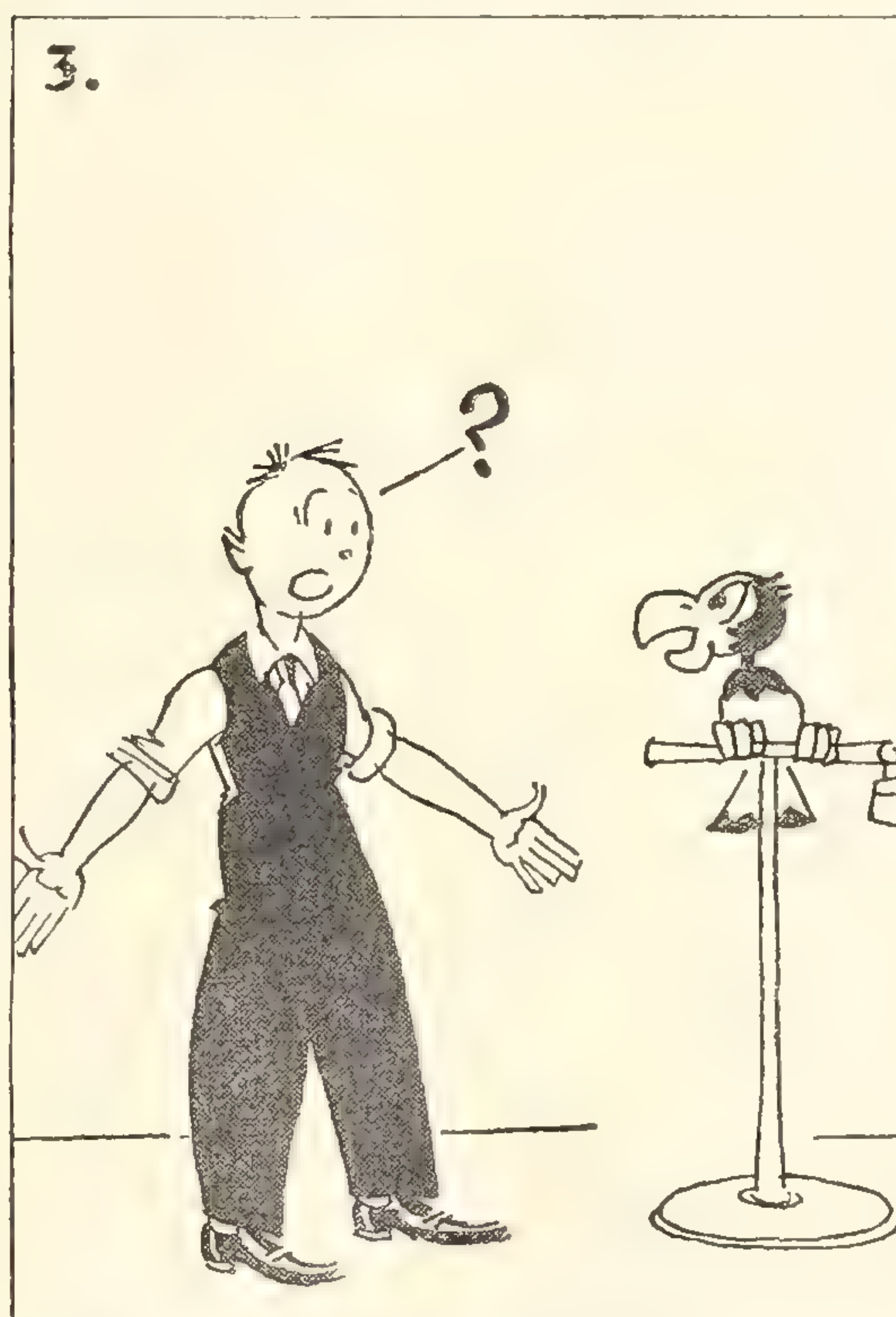
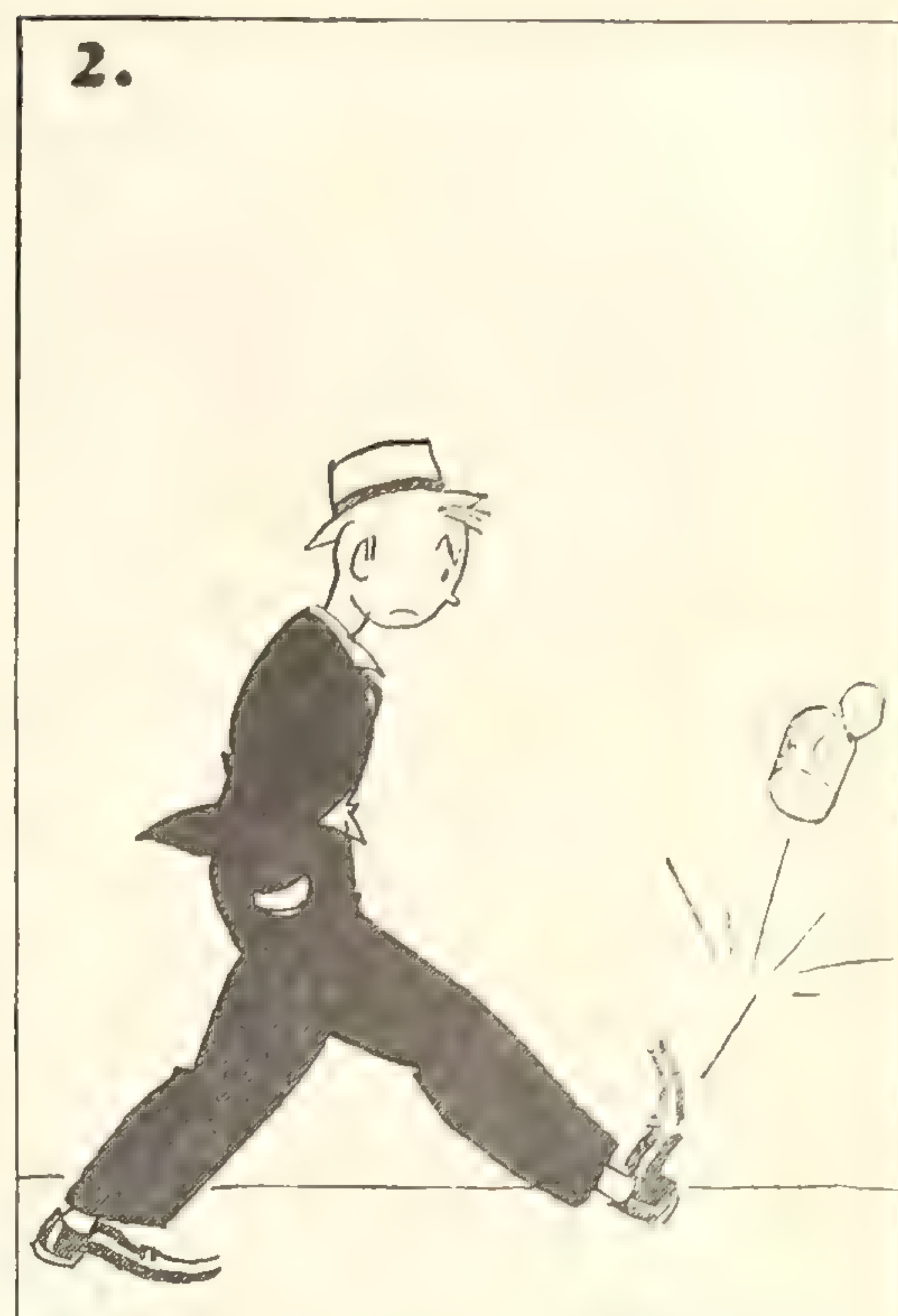
"From now on, I shall find pleasure not only in fighting for parts, but also in every actual moment before the cameras."

It is easy to understand this innate love of acting of which Sally speaks. For Loretta Young has evidenced this same quality in her work. When, at sixteen, she turned in an admittedly "fool-proof" performance opposite Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," followed by one of the most astounding rises of any young actress, public and critics alike united in proclaiming her an intuitive, and instinctive actress. It is something of this quality which has transmitted itself to the sister, Sally Blane, too.

In line with her new determination about her future, Sally Blane essayed her current trip to England.

"According to all the stories I have heard," she explained, "when an American actress lands in England, she is immediately besieged with offers to make pictures. Then, after working in London for a while, when she returns to America, she is taken far more seriously than ever before."

"Under the circumstances, I thought it would be a good idea to go to England for a vacation—I've never been abroad, you know. Then, if the right opportunity comes

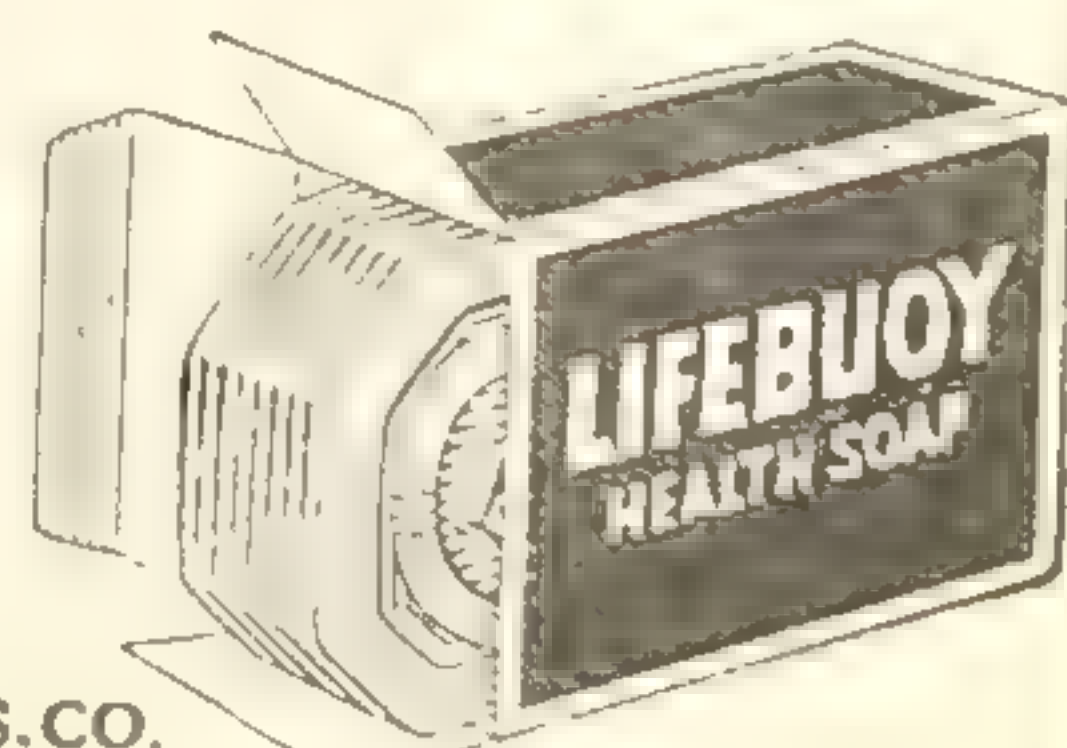


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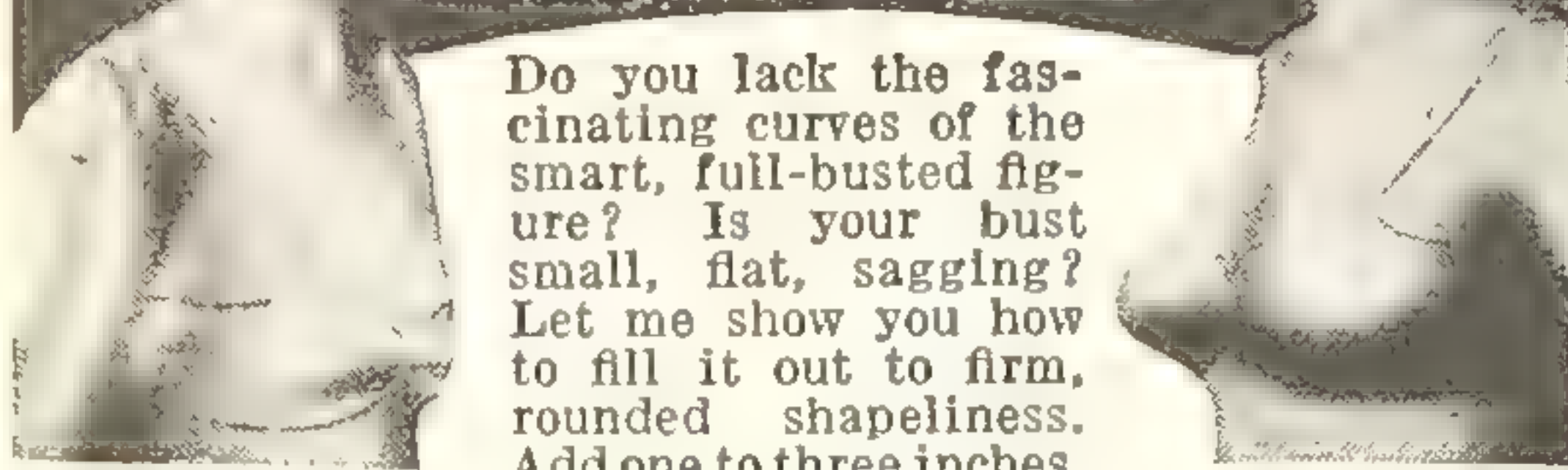


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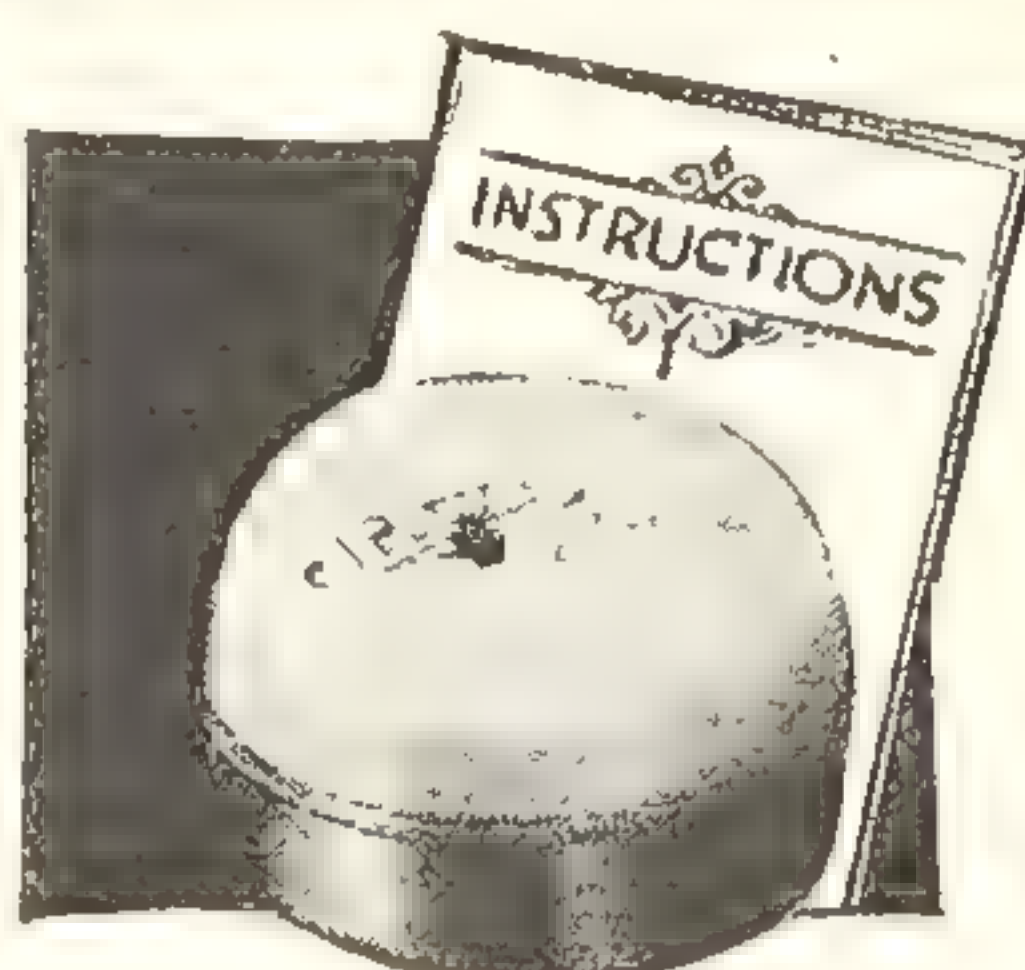
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We know you've heard Hepburn discussed from many points of view—her public career, her private life, her present, her past, and her future.

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SCREENLAND gives you this new and totally different slant on a unique star—written by the one Hollywood scribe who really and truly knows her—in the September issue. Without this illuminating picture you cannot know the real Hepburn. It's a story you can't afford to miss—a "scoop" that will be talked about for a long time to come!

Watch for the September

SCREENLAND

On sale

JULY 25th

along and I have a chance to do a picture which I think will really further my career, I can show Hollywood that I am not as frivolous as I used to be."

"But what of the Earl of Warwick?" I asked, thinking of the newspaper columns which had been devoted to accounts of that young peer's devotion to the lovely Sally.

"I'll tell you the honest truth, Laura," she answered slowly. "We are good friends and congenial companions. We enjoy going places together and have lots of fun. But there is no romance.

"I just don't seem to fall in love any more. Not since I broke off with the one real romance in my life have I felt more than a pleasant, friendly interest in anyone.

"The Earl of Warwick is a grand person—he's everything that a girl might desire in a man. But I'm not in love with him. We are not engaged—and now, we're not even going to sail on the same boat!"

Which latter was really a shame. For,

under the chaperonage of a conservative English couple, Mr. and Mrs. Henley, Sally and the Earl of Warwick had planned to sail to England on the Lafayette. But newspapers had got wind of their plans and sensed a big romance. Pictures and stories had covered the front pages, until Sally decided that it would be more dignified to make the trip with Mr. and Mrs. Henley but not the Earl. And it would have been fun on shipboard, her first ocean voyage, having such a personable young escort at her side.

However, her words rang true. I've known Sally for a long time, and though I'm used to the ever-ready denial of a romance, in her case I think she meant it. In fact, I'm willing to take all bets that her trip is really a vacation from Hollywood, with the alluring prospect of an English picture to brighten it, and that Sally will return to America still heart-whole and intent on the new career that lies before her.

The House that Love Built

Continued from page 29

over the whole house!" And they did!

The result is, to me, anyhow, the most livable house in the picture colony. Let me tell you some of the ideas Dick and Joby have carried out in making over their home.

The left end of the attached two-car garage was knocked out and the room enlarged, the wall between that and the living room knocked out, and the erstwhile automobilery has become a combination library and den. At the far end has been added a large alcove with windows on three sides.

Almost the entire floor space of the alcove is a loggia, topped by a deep, tufted pad. A dozen unbleached muslin pillows brighten it and, in an emergency, it can be used to accommodate an unexpected overnight guest. Glazed chintz over-curtains with ruffled edges carry out the Early American idea. Two built-in electric heaters keep the room warm on some of those cool California evenings.

Of course there are book-shelves, and to their right is a door leading into a bathroom, also just added—the bathroom, that is, not the door. In addition to a built-in dressing table there is a shower. Adjoining the bathroom is a small room with a massage table and a steam cabinet to help the master of the house keep his weight down.

On the opposite side of the den are two more banks of book-shelves, and between them is a small window, in front of which stands a not too large desk. A maple Windsor chair stands beside it. A radio has been built into the wall separating the den and living room. In the opposite corner is a semi-circular brick fireplace.

The walls and beamed ceiling are all of red pine. The only modern touch in the entire room is the bridge lamp, just back of Dick as he 'phones.

Descending the two steps that lead from the den into the living room, we find a huge, old-fashioned piano which I discovered, surprisingly enough, that Dick can play. The cover on it is designed in what is known as a "popcorn stitch" and was crocheted by Joby's grandmother. The picture on it is of Dick in his rôle in "Wings."

The glass curtains in this room are white dotted swiss with over-curtains of glazed chintz. A hooked rug in front of the fireplace assures the visitor the place is "Home, Sweet Home."

They had the rug there on approval, unable to decide whether to keep it or not as they weren't sure everyone would understand it was all in fun, for both Joby and Dick shrink from anything remotely resembling a parade of sentiment. One night



"Hi, muggs!" Lee Tracy hops off the Century on a visit to New York. His next potent performance will be in "Bogus Prince."

Jack Oakie and Peggy Joyce were visiting them and Peggy, thinking it was just too, too divine, not to say cute, pulled the price tag off and threw it in the fire before they realized what she was doing. So—they kept the rug!

A little table of maple stands at the upper corner of the divan. An old glass oil-lamp has been wired for electricity and an impudent little shade of peppermint-striped gingham with a white dotted Swiss ruffle, fitted around it.

That divan is the light of my life! It is covered with blue burlap, trimmed with a looped cord of white cotton. When I admired it extravagantly Dick protested that the material was comparatively inexpensive. "We didn't want anything too grand in the house," he explained. "The way it is now, people can relax. If someone should accidentally burn a hole in the divan we wouldn't have to do nip-ups, because it could be recovered for very little."

Another large window has been added, on the opposite side of the living room from the fireplace. This, too, is long but not so deep as the one in the den, and the seat (beneath which are cupboards used to accommodate scrap books, games, extra blankets, etc.), is covered with a pad—this time of blue. White, ruffled, dotted Swiss pillows in great profusion tempt you to nap when you should be working.

The plastering in the living room is white and the woodwork (knotty pine) has also been stained a chalky white. The lighting fixtures are the same ones the Arlens had when the house was "done" in Spanish style but by removing the heavy plates to which they were formerly fastened, they lent themselves admirably to the atmosphere of the new plan of the room.

Two huge screens at the lower end of the room, made of the same material as the floor lamp, enable that end of the room to be closed off. This is done when the Arlens have a large dinner, as happened when they gave their house-warming.

I'll never forget that night. Bing Crosby and his wife, Dixie Lee, Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, Jack Oakie and Mary Brian, Director and Mrs. Norman McLeod, Ken Murray, Joby's brother "Bud" (who was the architect in their remodeling) and his wife, Dr. Joe Harris (who brings practically all the picture colony's babies), Lola Lane, Andy Devine (looking as though he had just stepped off a freighter because, as he explains, he never buys clothes and the only time he has dates is when he's working and the studio has equipped him with a wardrobe and he was between pictures at the moment); Director William Wellman and his latest flame, Dotty Coonan, who will probably be Mrs. Wellman No. 5 by the time you read this; James Fidler, and half a dozen others were there. A bridge game was going in the den, another one in the breakfast room; a jig-saw puzzle was being pieced together in the bedroom, a ping-pong game was in progress out in back—and just to add to the din, Bing, who gets \$3500 a week for his radio broadcasts, was leading a barber-shop quartet!

When Dick and Joby are alone or when there are only one or two people for dinner, they eat in the breakfast room. The furnishings are quite simple. A small round maple table, (note the pegs instead of nails), a built-in, tufted wall seat, three chairs, and a buffet made of maple, birdseye maple, and pine.

The door to the right of Dick in the picture opens into the nursery. It is a bright little room furnished in severely plain taste. No Mother Goose rhymes or pictures on the wall, but a cheery pattern of flowers. A crib for his majesty, a few shelves for toys, a tiny bath, and closet. Adjoining this is another small room for the nurse.

Opening off the breakfast room on an-

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other side is the kitchen. No kitchenette here but a large, full-sized kitchen such as our mothers were used to, equipped with electric range, frigidaire, and enough cupboards to accommodate kitchen utensils for Buckingham Palace.

On the opposite side of the living room from the breakfast room is the master bedroom. This room is almost as large as the living room and is Dick's pride and joy. "There's nothing sissy about it," he'll tell you proudly. "Joby was swell when it came to furnishing this. She didn't insist upon having a lot of dolls and lace boudoir pillows scattered about."

There is a big bed with a medium high headboard but no footboard. A small desk with another electrified oil-lamp, an easy chair upholstered in green plaid gingham, and a bedside table with another lamp take up that end of the room. A large fireplace fills the corner. There are recessed bookshelves and underneath the window is another divan, upholstered in the same material as the chair.

Leading off the room is a long narrow hall, flanked on each side by large, cedar-lined closets—one for Joby's clothes and one for Dick's. Both of them have built-in chests of drawers.

This hall leads into the largest bathroom I have ever seen. A sunken tub and a glassed-in shower occupy one side, and there are two built-in dressing tables—one for Joby and one for Dick.

Dick's is distinguished chiefly for an assortment of safety razors (all of the same make), large enough to shave the Russian army, and one shaving brush so moth-eaten it wouldn't lather the face of a new-born baby. (As if that weren't enough, the handle comes off every time you pick it up!) The most noteworthy feature of the bathroom is that it is fully carpeted.

The Arlens lived in the bedroom while the house was being remodeled. At first they took an apartment in a fashionable building in town, stayed there until their month was up, and then decided they would prefer putting up with the carpenters' mess and noise to being away. When the carpenters were ready to start on the bedroom they moved into one of the hotels in town, stayed there a day, and then returned home again! They used to come all the way into town for their meals but, inconvenient as it was, they were happier than they would have been cooped up in a hotel—even though it was only for a week or two.

And now let's wander around the grounds. In the angle formed by the house and the garage is a good-sized patio with a lily pond. A roof protrudes from the garage furnishing shade. Under this roof is a Monterey divan, upholstered in red leather, and a couple of easy chairs to match. On the other side of the wall is another courtyard in which is located the ping-pong table and beyond that are the servants' quarters. In the front yard, hidden by the hedge, is the largest private swimming pool in the colony.



Good skate! The roller-skating craze is sweeping Hollywood, and Dorothy Wilson falls for it. (Not literally, we hope!)

The whole thing is a striking tribute, not only to Dick's and Joby's taste, but to their thrift. The entire job, including the swimming pool, the additions to the house, the re-upholstering of their old furniture and the new pieces they bought, cost them about seventy-five hundred dollars.

One of the most expensive interior decorators in Los Angeles was called in to assist in doing the house. It was amusing to listen to him and Jobyna battling. Every time he would bring out one of his stiffly formal pieces Joby would wither him with sarcasm. "Fine," she would say. "When the place is finished it will look exactly like a motion picture set and every morning I'll wake up and think, 'I've got to hurry and get up. The cameraman will be here in a few minutes to start shooting and I mustn't throw them behind schedule.'"

The decorator would bow to the inevitable. Presently he would be back with another selection and Joby would pick out just the right piece to add hominess to the house that love built.

The "Young" Idea

Continued from page 34

influential friends tucked deep in her bag, and merely presented a note from Chamberlain Brown, stock company impresario, based on actual knowledge of her capabilities.

Her rôle in "The Firebird" gave her real opportunity to unleash her dramatic talent, especially in the final act, where in one frenzied scene lasting several minutes she took the stage completely away from three such seasoned performers as Judith Ander-

son, Henry C. Stephenson, and Montague Love. Nor was this all, for after that opus had concluded its run at about the season's halfway-mark, she presently found herself ensconced in a rôle in Owen Davis' play of the moment, "A Saturday Night"—a rôle that turned out to be nothing less than the ingénue lead.

Not bad for one season, especially when your year's work has earned you the special accolade of Mr. Percy Hammond, one

of New York's more sapient critics, as well as a bounteous bouquet from the rather snooty stage publication of the nation's snootiest dramatic *bund* (frequently known as the Theatre Guild), and a general pother on the part of newspaper writers and other chroniclers of important developments in the realm of Thespis. In short, Elizabeth Young found herself sitting more prettily than ever, which, when you pause to calculate it, adds up to a considerable sum of loveliness.

"And then my agent called up and said the Paramount people were interested in me," she reports. "Well, that was no end flattering, but of course I'd never done anything in pictures, nor even thought much about it. The closest connection I'd ever had with the films was a violent schoolgirl crush on Ramon Novarro's screen shadow some years ago. So for awhile I was good and scared—so scared that I didn't know whether to be glad or sorry. But I took a screen test and they must have liked it, because I got the contract."

Elizabeth herself, one gathered, was not quite overjoyed with the results of her screen test; but what self-critical actor ever has been? Certainly, with her intelligent, alive features, her frank grey eyes, and her ease of speech and unconcerned grace of posture and movement, she is one young lady whose personality is not likely to suffer by transmutation from stage to screen. Miss Young has traveled widely throughout this continent and in Europe, and is at home in several languages—advantages which, while not essential to acting success, have seldom been known to work any harm.

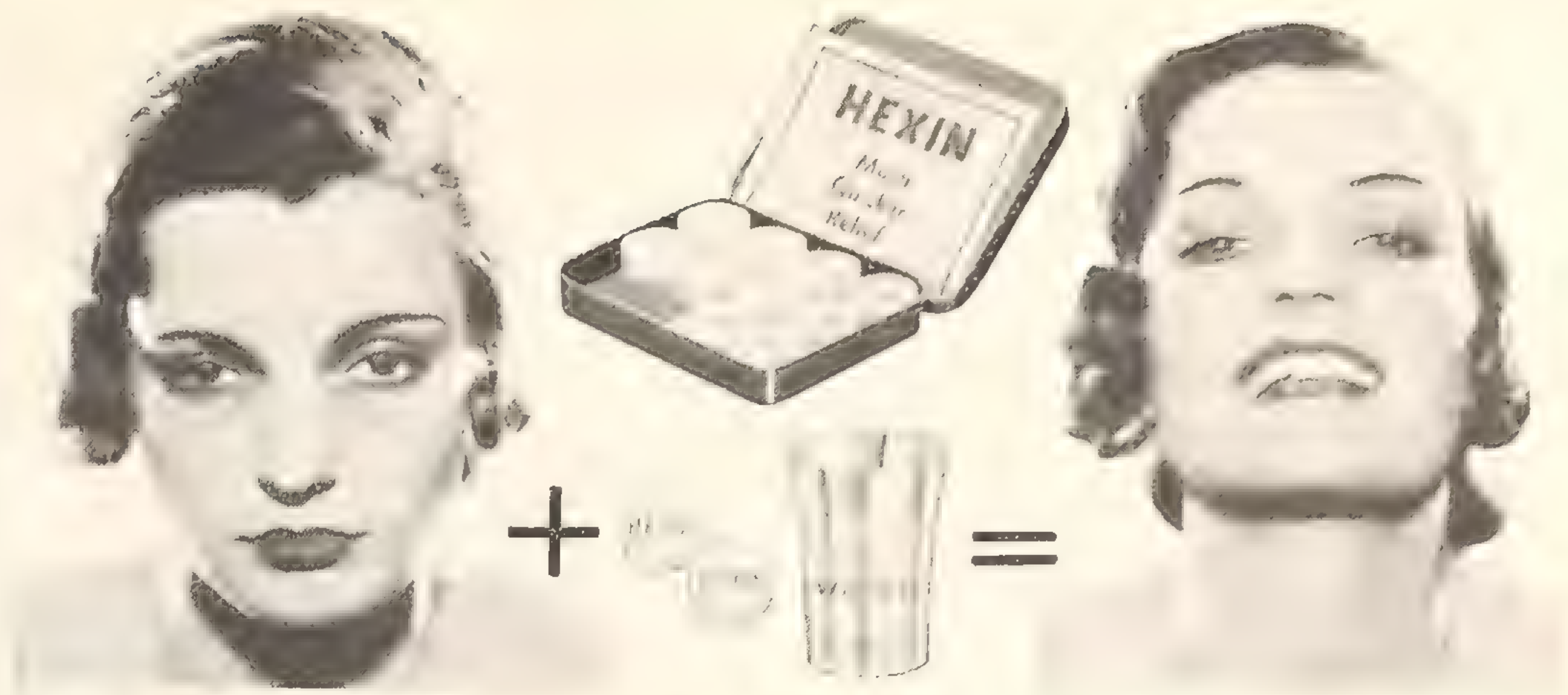
As to what specific kind of rôle she would prefer with which to start her screen career, she showed a wise willingness to leave her fate to the gods.

"What sort of parts would I like to play? Well, I'm not sure that I know, but I know one thing I'm *not* going to do. I'm not going out there with any fixed notions of what I'd like to do, because that might prevent my developing competence at something quite different. It seems to me there's a lot of sense in this crack that Owen Davis, Jr. made to me: 'You might go out there all ready to play a dainty young heroine, and find yourself turning out to be a Mae West type.' Maybe that's a little far-fetched, but I'm taking no chances. I want to do the thing I'm best fitted for—and I can't know what that is until I've tried, can I?"

"One thing I hope I *won't* find myself doing," she added, "is the fluffy little ingénue type. I've already tried that on the stage, and I felt all wrong in it, because the things I was called upon to do were artificial and didn't make sense. Whatever types I may play, I hope they'll be real, honest-to-goodness persons, with natural motives and believable emotions."

Elizabeth's mother will spend the first few months in Hollywood with her daughter, just to see that the latter suffers no pangs of loneliness. For neither is it a first Hollywood visit, though they have not seen the movie colony since Elizabeth was twelve, and then only as casual visitors. "Now it will be quite different, of course," remarked Mrs. Young, with quite as much animation as her daughter displayed at the thought of being on the inside of Hollywood. Mrs. Young is a writer of fiction and former editor of a woman's page for a national newspaper syndicate.

And not least important in the Young entourage is Minnie-the-Moocher, a seven-months-old skeptic belonging to the well-known Scottish Terrier clan. It is Elizabeth's fervent hope that Minnie, when exposed to the virile blandishments of the numerous gentleman Scotties in film circles, will manage to keep her fuzzy head and decline to "go Hollywood"!



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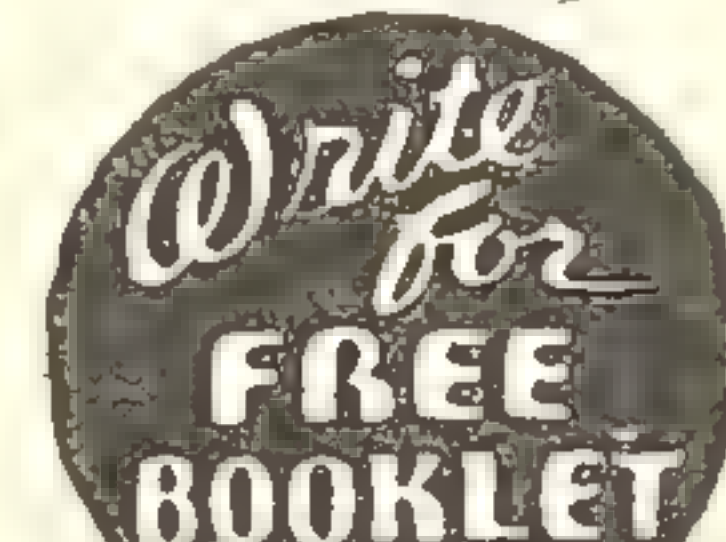


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Divorce of Double Stars!

Continued from page 31

turned brows, indicating that their owner's point of view is as different as these eyes reveal. The windows of her soul would make it always hard to harmonize or see things eye to eye with his.

To bring this closer home to you—suppose you are one of such a pair and have eyes much like Joan's, while your sweetheart or husband has eyes like Doug, Jr. Let's suppose you are discussing a proposed vacation, and wish the sights, sounds, and sensations that will make that playtime pay dividends of happy memories. Well, the things that people with eyes like Joan enjoy most are as different from the sights preferred by Doug, as their eyes are different, be sure of that. She, or you, if you too have such eyes—loving glamor, color, change, might choose a cruise with a crowd of glamorous, colorful, exotic souls who would dispense, with lavish hands, all the luxurious, colorful products of the twentieth century. You might go into ecstasies over the exciting scenes you two were soon to enjoy, meantime seeing your sweetheart of Doug's type grow bored and more bored with your childish delight over what to him seems just more and more a great social chore. He might break in with, "Yes, yes, my dear, great—but don't you think we had better do that some other year?"

Then, with eyes shining and apparently scanning far rugged horizons in the earth's almost unknown frontiers that seem to beckon him in his fancy, he would say, "How about a real camping trip? We'll fly to a point convenient to the wilds, then get our supplies, guns, and cameras into a boat and go up the rapids?"

Right then is where, if you have eyes like Joan's and her sense of humor, you'd say, "I can just hear the bugs and mosquitoes singing, Hallelujah here they come! No, life is rough enough at best; why go where baths are scarce and you have to fight for your food with the wasps and flies?" From here on you can write in the repartee of lovers who talk thus until they secretly wonder, "How could I ever marry one who sees this world in so different a light?" They kiss and make up, to be sure—or they will have to do just what Doug and Joan once did—take a wonderful vacation, but not together!

Robert Montgomery and Douglas Jr. borrowed a schooner, took a wonderful fishing trip in the roughest clothes, with weather to match, while their whiskers just merrily grew. Don't think that Joan could not stand hardships if she wanted to—for to quote a slang expression, her chin shows she "can take it." She has made the long hard trip from poverty to riches and fought every conceivable obstacle all along the road.

In fact, she has more the tomboy jaw than her very artistic, versatile ex-husband, so could stand roughing it if she had to. That's just it—he is so adaptable, versatile and keenly observing that he finds a challenge in the wilds of nature, in the things that make him feel more the real he-man grappling with nature in the raw. His jaw is a good one, somewhat athletic and determined but nowhere near as wide and determined as Joan's. She finds a constant challenge in her struggle with primitive instincts right in her work, so for a vacation, she wants what she calls relaxation. Douglas, although he can duplicate most of his father's strenuous stunts, held them a bit in contempt even as a little boy.

The point is as sure as sailors rent row-



Look who's romancing now! Dorothy Jordan and Joel McCrea, two of the film colony's most attractive young eligibles, are the latest pair of arm-in-armers. Here they are inhaling some sunshine at Malibu Beach. Dot and Joel will be seen together on the screen in "Three Came Unarmed."

Just the Right Tone!

Continued from page 20

wreck the viewpoints of the most austere bachelor; a woman as attractive as the former Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., might easily transform a mute into a Chautauqua lecturer.

About this Franchot Tone's physical appearance—Joan is five feet and five inches tall, and when she is accompanied by her newest boy friend she must look up—well up—to meet his eyes. Joan has exceptionally broad shoulders; Franchot's are broader. She has moderately dark skin in contrast to his milky white complexion. Picture them together, and you not only conjure a vivid mind-portrait of the man, but you visualize two who form one of Hollywood's most attractive couples.

In decided contrast to Miss Crawford's flashing smile and quick wit are Tone's ponderous manner of thinking and his slow, half-smile that twists more decidedly at the right corner of his mouth. Perhaps his experience as a school teacher—he was an assistant to the head of the Romance Language Department at Cornell—is responsible for his pedagogic style of talk and his semi-critical manner of listening.

Like most "silent" men, Franchot is a tireless reader. Like many thinking men, he turns to detective and mystery stories for the greater portion of his literary pursuits. He plays a moderately good game of golf, and the one time I have known him to approach garrulity was in a sand-trap on a golf course—on that occasion he employed words that the most learned professors of the English language might find unfamiliar.

He is no stranger to the Hollywood film colony, for before he entered motion pictures he was well known on the New York stage. Among his plays was "Cross Roads," in which he appeared with Peggy Shannon, Sylvia Sidney and Irene Purcell.

Instead of occupying an apartment or town house upon his arrival in the film city, Franchot leased a beach house. There he has lived for the past year, sharing his

quarters with Tommy Thompson, an old New York chum, and a Korean houseboy.

Tone is immediately likeable because he maintains no false illusions about his talents. He is eager to learn and grateful for constructive criticism. When he is not at work in front of the camera, he sits or stands on the side lines and watches the performances of veteran talking-picture actors. Whenever possible he volunteers to participate in "tests," both camera and sound, in order that he may study and improve his screen appearance and enunciation. Such serious application cannot fail to find its just reward.

Perhaps this ultra-serious side of Tone has established the bond of understanding between the young actor and Miss Crawford. Certainly no actress is more intent upon her career than Joan. After eight years before the camera, she is no less earnest today than she was when she began her career. She may frivol furiously between pictures, but the minute work begins all play is erased from her mind. Tone is strikingly like her in this respect.

This story about Franchot Tone is peculiarly a story about Joan Crawford. In Hollywood, the name of one conjures that of the other. Of Hollywood's young eligibles, he is seen most often in her company. Indeed, he is the only apparent heir to the place left vacant when Joan divorced the younger Fairbanks.

I hazard a guess that if the mutual fondness demonstrated by these two expands as rapidly within the next few months as it has since Christmas, we may yet address one of our favorite feminine stars as Mrs. Joan Crawford-Fairbanks-Tone.

I rather hope otherwise. I should much prefer to see Tone progress unaided. Poised, brilliant, a fine actor, he has an opportunity to establish himself as a popular, lasting star. I hope he does that first. Then I should not at all mind the happy culmination of his current romantic venture.

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The Editor's Page

Continued from page 15

in Hollywood," said Beatty. "And I want to make another picture. No, it isn't true that the glare of the lights made my work in the movie more dangerous and difficult than usual. But the heat was a problem. My cats got so warm they were drowsy, and I had to keep waking 'em up."

"I'm not an animal tamer. Wild animals can't be 'tamed.' They can be trained, and that's my business. I'd like to make a movie some time with other animals as well as lions and tigers. I use bears and leopards as well as cats when I tour the country with the circus. Bears are the funny boys of the act, and I think they'd make a huge hit as screen comedians."

His act had gone very smoothly at that performance, Mr. Beatty remarked. But only two evenings before, some lions had started "ganging" the tigers and a good time had been had by all, except possibly two of the tigers who will never be the same. Beatty is a social lion himself when he's in New York, having been known to break priceless antique chairs when urged by the hostess to give an exhibition of his training technique for her guests. It's all in the routine for Clyde.

His favorite lion is the famous man-eating Nero, who chewed Clyde considerably a season ago. Beatty likes Nero. He says he gets action when he works with him!

The Art of Mickey Mouse

Continued from page 27

with oils and pigments again I'd give you a swift kick in the paints—"

"Hush, girl, hush—the gentleman will think you don't love Art!"

"Do I love Art!" squealed Minnie. "I eat it up—just you watch me!" She bounced up the wall and would have chewed up one of Mickey's most sensitively drawn portraits had not each of us seized her by a leg and hauled her down.

"Well, anyway, I know where there's something lots better to eat," taunted Minnie, skipping rope with her tail. Whereupon Mickey suddenly seemed to lose interest in his new-found elegance.

"Where?" he breathed, forgetting his glasses and letting his stick clatter to the floor.

"It's a swell spread," teased Minnie, still skipping, "but now you're so ritzy I didn't think you'd care."

"Where, Minnie, where?"

"It's a party at Clarence Cockroach's house. He says the kitchen maid left the top of the cookie jar loose, and he's trying to round up enough of the gang so we can push it off and have a grand party. But you couldn't go in those funny clothes."

"I'll change 'em on the way," cried Mickey. "Come on!" And, hand in hand, they galloped out the door and down the street, Mickey trying to remove his fancy trousers as he ran.

"See you again soon," he called back, turning and waving to me. "I want to talk to you about Neo-impressionism!"



Life is just one "shot" after another! Warner Baxter and Miriam Jordan, on the set of "I Loved You Wednesday," move out of range of the movie cameras only to find themselves facing the "still" photographer.

The Public Be Heard!

Continued from page 6

consciousness of the most jaded movie-goer; a voice, undeniably English as it is, that does not drag with a superabundance of studied broad A's and offensively rolled R's.

Miss Wynyard's voice has run a gamut of emotions in her films: a voice desperate with fear; an entreating voice, pulsing with the sincerity of its message; a proud, yet gentle voice rejoicing in the memory of an unforgotten love. Never once does she descend to that shrill, re-echoing, hysterical note that many of our celebrated actresses have unfortunately resorted to at times, and never once does she fail to convey the depth and significance of her scenes.

Mary E. Best,
272 Washington St.,
Marblehead, Mass.

DON'T BLINK AT ROMANCE!

We must keep the happy ending! The vast army of movie-goers do not want to see life filled with failure and bitterness. They have enough of this in their everyday world. Many have already known what it is to feel the sting of defeat and see one's dreams crumble about one. They go to the movies to escape this and enter into a world of glamor and romance. A world where dreams come true and ambitions are realized. It gives them strength to go on in the hope that some day they too may know the joy that comes with the fulfillment of dreams and ambitions.

By all means keep the happy ending.

M. Seitter,
6454 Laflin St.,
Chicago, Ill.



Here's a new romantic team—both on and off the screen. Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers, the boy and girl in "In the Money," are boy-and-girling it after hours as well!

WE SUFFER THEIR SORROWS!

We wouldn't admit it in so many words, but deep in our hearts, we like to believe that the gorgeous men and women of the screen are ourselves. As the play unfolds, we identify ourselves more and more with the handsome heroes and heroines. That dashing, fearless he-man, that lovely, charming woman, are what we dream of being, and it hurts us to see life give them a merciless wallop at the end.

If we leave them happy, our own hearts fill with joy, and new hope gives us strength to carry on. Give us happy endings!

George W. Hall,
Hartford, S. D.

Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 10

The Past of Mary Holmes

Radio

Here's your old friend "The Goose Woman" masquerading under another name. Remember Louise Dresser in the silent film? Helen MacKellar has the title rôle and she turns in a skilled performance as the ex-opera prima donna whose fame vanishes with the birth of her son. Eric Linden, as the son, gives a good account of himself. Jean Arthur is the attractive heroine.

Hello, Sister

Fox

We can't hand this very much—maybe it's because we resent James Dunn's being unfaithful to his screen sweetheart, Sally Eilers. Jimmy is teamed with Boots Malory here, and their love hits many a bump and furrow before it finally strikes the smooth course. Even the presence of the inimitable Zasu Pitts fails to make this more than a mildly likeable picture.

The Circus Queen

Columbia

Adolphe Menjou gives another pleasant performance as *Thatcher Colt*, the detective. This time he has the colorful surroundings of a circus for his background. Greta Nissen, as the Circus Queen, is brutally murdered, and Menjou solves the mystery to everyone's satisfaction. The cast, including Ruthelma Stevens, Donald Cook, and Dwight Frye contribute nice work.

Song of The Eagle

Paramount

This timely "beer" story had infinite possibilities, but went just the least bit flat on us. It's the saga of a brewer who built up a respected name in pre-war days, then lost everything rather than stoop to making illegitimate brew, and finally scored a grand come-back. Jean Hersholt, Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, and Charles Bickford are at their best.

The winner of the James Cagney Contest which appeared in the May issue of *SCREENLAND* is Lamar C. Rowland, 502 Nevada Street, Libby, Montana.

The winning letter was brief and breezy, and like most of the letters, expressed a preference for Cagney as "tough" rather than "tender."

We will tell you all about the winner and his trip to Hollywood in a later issue.

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DELA-TONE
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Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 71.

ALTHOUGH Sally Eilers got away from Hollywood and is now enjoying a vacation in Europe, she did not know until the very last minute whether her studio would permit the trip.

At five o'clock in the afternoon Sally was not sure that she would be permitted to board a seven o'clock train. Incidentally, Miss Eilers' maid refused to make the trip—she is in love with her husband and did not wish to be separated from him for so long a time. Within twenty-four hours Sally had to employ a new maid and secure passports.

FIRST HEDDA HOPPER named Hollywood's best-dressed women—and she failed to include Lilyan Tashman.

Now Adolphe Menjou has burst forth with a list of the ten best-dressed men in the world—and he fails to name Edmund Lowe!

If you don't think Lilyan and Eddie (who pride themselves on their ability to dress) are chagrined, you should have heard their joint remarks on the subject of self-appointed clothes-judges.

Actors named by Menjou, by the way, were Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., John Barrymore, and Clive Brook. Adolphe is also considered one of the world's best-dressed men.

RICHARD DIX has a "good-luck" necktie which he wears at least once in every picture . . . Add amateur astronomers: Irene Dunne. . . . Arline Judge, listening to police reports emanating from her automobile radio, ran past a stop-signal and was arrested . . . Herbert Mundin received a cable asking his terms to do a London show and wired back: "Why all your idle curiosity?" . . . Joan Crawford is so fond of gardenias that she has planted a bed of them; she personally takes care of this garden . . . Heather Angel, the English actress, owns six dogs and nine cats . . . The Prince of Siam offered Will Rogers the gift of an elephant, but Will cabled His Highness: "Elephants no good at catching mice; will accept a cat" . . . James Dunn has asserted that he will make no more dates with girls for six months! . . . Jackie Coogan, first kid-star, is now studying law at college.

MONTHLY HISS AND CHEER DEPT:

A GRAND big close-up with exceptional lighting to Mary Carlisle for her unselfishness. Mary recently spent every penny of her savings and even went far into debt to pay for a costly major operation that saved her mother's life. Double that close-up, please.

A long shot to Clark Gable, who wrote to Ruth Fiffer and promised support if she formed a fan club in his honor. She promoted a club to real importance but she has never heard one word from Gable—not even a note of praise for the interesting club paper she publishes.

A close-up with good lighting to Dorothea Wieck, who is not letting movie fame and Hollywood spoil her love for husband who is in Germany. She writes him daily letters—one was forty pages long.

A dimly lighted long shot with blurred



Shoulder, arms! Bette Davis seems quite pleased with this new plaid beach suit of hers, and its bandanna to match. That "disappearing back" is the ideal thing for comfort, sun-tan, and scenic value—quite a combination, all in all!

sound track to the newspaper columnists who continue to hound Jean Harlow in search of a possible scandal in connection with her husband's death. Jean has twice been absolved of all blame; why not permit the girl her rightful peace?

A lovely double close-up to Ann Harding and Alexander Kirkland for their joint donation of \$5000 to the bereaved family of the sailor who lost his life while swimming for help when a boat in which the movie stars were sailing was overturned by a wind-squall.

MIRIAM JORDAN, the English actress who belies the common belief that Britishers lack a sense of humor, boasts that she has "talked to Greta Garbo."

"While I was in New York, Miss Garbo rushed from her hotel and bumped into me," Miriam says. "Immediately she cried 'Pardon me' and I answered 'Certainly.' I have never seen her again."

IT would be cruel to mention his name, but one of Hollywood's best known leading men has become very brave of late. There is a reason and I don't mean grape-nuts.

This chap has employed a body-guard, a giant of a man who was once a professional heavyweight prize-fighter. Now the actor wanders about town picking trouble with people. When his nagging brings an offer to fight, the leading man calls his henchman into play.

The one drawback to such fighting-by-proxy is that some day that guard might be ill. A number of the leading man's "friends" are awaiting such an occasion.

ANDY CLYDE is thinking of suing the company that manufactures his alarm clock. One night Andy dreamed that he was playing opposite Greta Garbo in a picture. Just as he was about to kiss her, his alarm clock rang and awakened him. He considers that excellent cause for legal action.

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BY PATRICIA GORDON

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And here is what happens—with Princess Pat rouge. A mysterious *undertone* changes to perfectly match your skin. A vibrant, beautiful *overtone* suffuses your cheeks with glorious color. Then indeed there is *harmony* to thrill you, color in your cheeks that actually seems to come from within the skin, *like a natural blush*.

With rouge the *keynote*—and it is precisely that—your complexion must be given velvety smoothness, translucence. So Princess Pat carries on with harmonized make-up—by providing *almond base* face powder. *Starch* is the usual base, you know. And what a difference *almond* makes. Princess Pat powder is like a caress upon your skin. It imparts soft-textured beauty to rival flower petals. It lies upon your skin so closely, clings so magically that you do not think of powder—only that your complexion has become adorably beautiful.

And a marvelous harmonized lip color. For your lips ... vibrant, ravishing color of *natural* beauty ... shades that the lips *should* be ... and real color, no greasy, heavy substance. Truly indelible ... to last *all day* without impairment.



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You are the girl in the picture, one who *has hidden beauty* to bring forth ... with harmonized make-up that so magically transcends *ordinary* make-up. *You'll never know until you try*. So send for the Make-up Kit. It contains genuine Princess Pat harmonized make-up—duo-tone rouge, almond base powder, and inner tint lip rouge.

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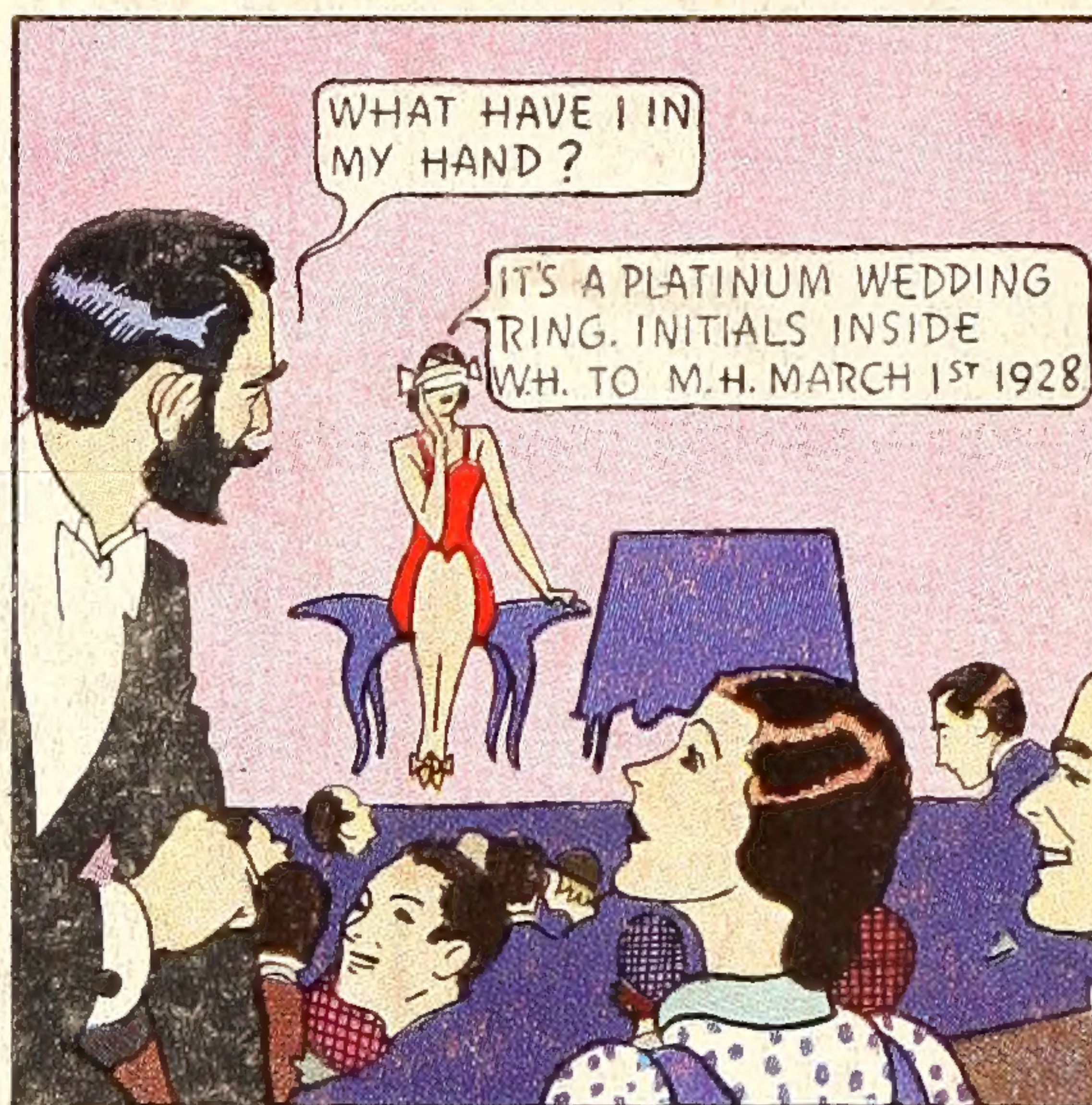
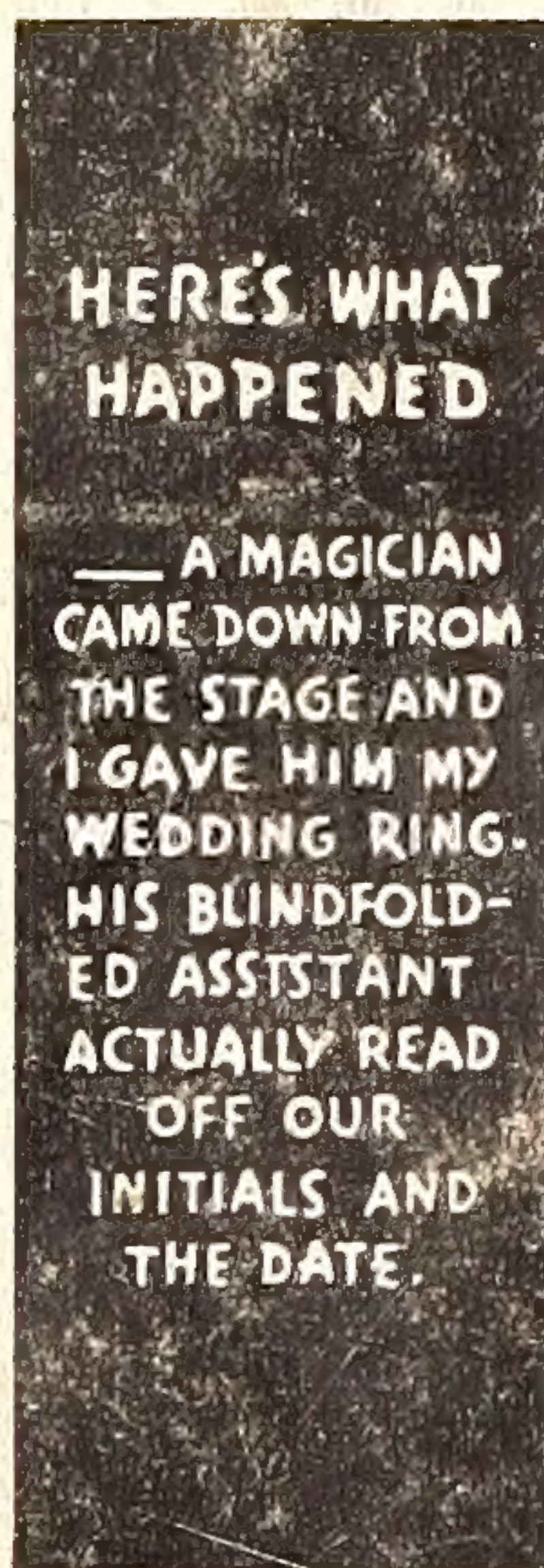
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